

15¢ (9/11/76)

CANADA'S NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's



REBIRTH OF A NATION

Peter C. Newman reports on America 1976

Take a swing at a Top-Flite holiday for two.



First take a swing at Spalding Top-Flite and discover the joy of a game played with the longest legal ball you can play.

Then take a swing at our fabulous golf contest.

You could win a trip for two to Freeport that includes air fare, green fees, \$300 (Canadian) spending money and seven days and nights at the

Bahamas Princess Tower.

Just a few minutes from the Bahamas Princess Tower are two PGA championship golf courses and a private ocean beach club.

For details see the Spalding golf display at your nearest pro shop and swing—maybe all the way to Freeport.

Top-Flite balls are sold at pro shops only.

SPALDING®

Maclean's

Editor

Managing Editor

Deputy Editor

Executive Editor

Business Editor

Arts Editor

Feature Editor

Reviews Editor

Books Editor

Music Editor

Food Editor

Travel Editor

Health Editor

Style Editor

Photo Editor

Cartoon Editor

Indexing Editor

Production Editor

Advertising Manager

Subscription Manager

Marketing Manager

Publicity Manager

Finance Manager

Legal Counsel

Human Resources

IT Manager

Facilities Manager

Security Manager

Quality Control

Research Assistant

Administrative Assistant

Receptionist

Printer

Postmaster

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Postage paid

Cheque mate.



If you asked us, we'd tell you that anyone who writes ten or more personal cheques a month should consider a Commerce Key Account.

Why? Say you write ten cheques a month. At 16¢ a cheque, you've spent \$1.60 right there. That's for the cheques you write, period.

But for 90¢ more, it's a whole different story. For openness, we'd give you the credit Commerce Key Account customers deserve, by giving

you a Commerce Charges Card and also preferred rates on most consumer loans. We'd give you unlimited cheque writing privileges and access to our 24-hour Cash Dispensers for no additional charge. We'd give you O'Canada or our new Key Account personalized cheques.

All for a flat \$2.50 a month. There's more. A Key Account also gets you overdraft protection. Plus all the identification you need to cash your cheque at over 1600 Commerce branches in Canada. You also

get travellers' cheques, money orders, domestic drafts and even bill paying privileges all with no additional service charge.

Consider this: 16¢ per cheque has a way of adding away. A Commerce Key Account stops at \$2.50.

Cheque mate, anyone?



CANADIAN IMPERIAL BANK OF COMMERCE

The Commerce Key Account card. It buys you a bank full of service.

Interview

With Max Ferguson

The quirky roles of the *Glenlivet* Police take for the last time this month, marking the end of a Canadian broadcasting era. And Max Ferguson, also *Rowhedge* master of many voices, author of a three-part series in 1986, is hitting 60. A little more than 50 years ago he came to Canada with his English father and Irish mother to settle in London, Ontario. Same experience, as a school teacher to a general manager, as a cost staff announcer in 1946—and the rest is as they say, history. Assigned to host a program of western music, while he waited, he assumed the voice of an old cowboy, thinking it would get him noticed. But the plan backfired. "Rawhide" was a runaway success, and by the time Ferguson stopped doing the show 17 years later he was known to millions from coast to coast. *Rawhide* book. And Now Here's Max, won the Stephen Leacock Award for humor in 1968, and recently he and his onscreen sidekick Allen McFie won the 1978 Actors Award for the best show in variety radio. At age 52, Max Ferguson is moving from Toronto to Cape Breton to pursue what he calls "creative stagnation." He hates cocktail parties and groups of more than six. There were only five present for this interview: his service dog, Butch and his canine friends, himself, and long-time writer Cathy Bellamy.

McFie's: What do you mean of the stage that took in your mind about the old days in Cape?

Ferguson: Well, the biggest event in my career with the CBC came when I was brought to Toronto. They wanted me to do *Rowhedge* on the network. So in 1969, Valentine's Day, the massive day, I started out of Toronto. Now the Maritimes had by this time become interested in the program, but suddenly as Ontario audience took their favorite program, *Maxwell MacFie* with Peter Dinklage, which had been running for years, taken off the air—and without any warning. It was a Monday and when the people tuned in, including the Ontario civil service, tried to get their reactions, what they heard instead was "Rowhedge, this is old Rowhedge." Well, the next fall I found the news, and there was Dr. B. Holly, not moving, announcing, saying, "Gee Max, sorry about this." I went down to the newsroom and read the *Whisper*, watching their lips pouting out the story. "This is Max Ferguson, who does the morning program of a westerner called *Rowhedge*, came in for a severe tongue lashing in the House of

Commons, as Douglas Gooderham Ross for the St. Paul's riding in Ontario, stood up and asked, "Was he aware that this program was meaningless, with a disparaged in the poorest possible English? I went on and on, and I thought 'Well, that's the end of me.' It happened for the whole set of hours in the debate. A. Davidson Dinklage was not there most of that time and he wrote me a kind of a light-hearted letter



CBC RADIO IS GOOD BECAUSE OF THE DECKHANDS, AND DESPITE THE BRASS

thing telling me to keep my notions and sit quietly. The CBC has called me in and said, "We're going to watch the letters. If the press outweigh the ones that tell us 'Keep on if the coast outweigh the press, you'll be taken off.' After about a week of answering back and forth, it all ended very nicely. We were told they were cutting dogs.

McFie's: When did you first meet Allen McFie?

Ferguson: When I was an announcer in Halifax, 1946-48, like all announcers down there, we'd been sent from different regions as he broken in and we're all waiting to get back up to the success, which was Toronto. I'd been named like Allen McFie, Elwood Glower. We were all waiting our turn, waiting for the magic moment, and

finally the magic moment came. My first week day in Halifax, I was called in by Captain W. G. S. Briggs, who was regional director for the Maritimes. He had clipped British newspaper speech heard. "Well, Ferguson, I want to wish you well in Toronto. I know the scene fairly well there. There are things to get to know and there to avoid. Stay clear of so and so, don't go near the one, he's a drunk, don't go near that one." And then he said "There's one man up there who's worth knowing and that's Allen McFie." That name didn't mean that much to me, although I'd heard his voice from time to time, but when I got to Toronto I was looking for this great benefactor, Allen McFie. He gave me a scolding greeting and then just stamped off, and I thought, "What a bore, what a rotten guy." That was 1949. It took me a long time, but I think I know him as well as anyone knows him now.

One of the first things I had into his stage mind was coming down one morning to the city office clock room and all over the city building were these obnoxious snowplows on the wall, absolutely awful looking, with yellow streaks through them. They were all over all the windows in the station. Fairly about one o'clock I bumped into McFie. He was coming in to do the one o'clock news. And I said, "Have you seen these obnoxious things? It looks like someone has blown their nose on the walls." He went over toward the kitchen on the wall and put his finger on it, looked his finger and said, "No, it's not that." I almost threw up on the spot. Then he laughed and said, "Can you keep a secret?" And I said, "Why?" He told me he had been having breakfast that morning and he went up his refrigerator and there was a can of naproxen tins. He carried them to work because as he said, they are so clean and yet look so awful on the wall. He took me upstairs to show me his triumph, which was on the wall of the dinner period of his program, *Elwood Glower*. Allen couldn't see of my school days—certain parts of his personality. Even to this day, on my program McFie will take the morning paper and draw an opinion on every photograph. No one has done this since I left grade two. It's so strange coming out of a man who can speak so well and who is so mature in his views.

McFie's: Many of your stories are real, shall we say, Missions of the top heavy city lines as they are referred to?

Ferguson: My inside the city, my philosophy came from a city executive that I did not like. He represented everything



Sears service covers your every move. Almost everywhere!

Depend on Sears. We service what we sell, in or out of guarantee, so you always get maximum performance from your Sears appliances. Our highly trained technicians know the insides of your appliances. They are constantly kept abreast of our latest product developments. They use only the

parts specifically designed for your model. That's why there's no chance of a patch-up job that could affect the long life of your appliance. And if you move to another part of Canada, our professionals are still there to serve you. Coast to coast. When you need help, it's nice to be "covered" by Sears.

Sears-Canada Limited



Your money's worth or your money back

rollin' about CMC management. He was a cheat, badly, an absolute leech of his job, and when he was leaving they had a giant bag party for him. I didn't go. McFee went, and I got the report from McFee. He stood up there, and he didn't even know where he was, and he cracked this lecture in his hand, or the old ringer clock, and some notes for his wife, and one of the hosts of the celebration said: "Well now, we've gone through a lot of good times and had taken together Mr. X, but we've seen it all, and we've got a lot of happy memories. Perhaps you'd like to say a few words." Well, the birthday boy stood up and got out this list which became my article. "I believe in national robes, but not the black tank suits that the CBC is making of it," and said that he felt forward on an axis, crushing the flowers and breaking the clock, that I believe in that line. I believe in national robes, but I don't believe in the way it's being run. Now you tell that to people, and they say, "Oh, thank God for the car, they do some great programs." But that is missing the point of the whole thing. Those programs are done by creative people on the lower decks of the hierarchy that are you in their way. The only analogy I can use is the British army. You look back over some of the glorious victories of the British army, but they were achieved at an appalling cost of lives because of some idiot from an aristocratic family who had his position bought for him.

I finally got to say all that to Laurier. I said who was CMC president when they cancelled that new CBC symbol in Ottawa. I was treated by the CBC to go down. They had reserved all the Members of Parliament. It was a great big deal. I was determined not to go out of my way to say anything nasty about the symbol. I remember my daughter asking, "Well, why are you going down to this thing if you don't believe in it?" I said, "I need that, it's a very good thing, they've invited me to go down, and I'll go down. I'll avoid the issue, but if anyone asks me point blank what I think of the new symbol I'm going to tell them." It didn't turn out pleasant. Meeting the same old friends. We were having drinks. I was about 15 minutes away from leaving to catch my plane back to Toronto, when the guy came up with the new symbol all over him, the guy that invented the symbol or was responsible for it. I was standing with Paula's cousin Keith David Charles Lynch, and this guy uttered the sentence "I'll tend to avoid all night." Well, Mum, what do you think of it? And I said, "One of the most obnoxious stupid demagogues that the CBC has ever made." Well, that got my Paula's attention and he said, "What do you mean?" And I said "If you could come to the lower deck—again using that expression—and see what effect this has on an already low morale. He should be in the lower deck on that when our microphones don't work, when our microphones break down, equipment

that has just about ended my stomach with, sitting in with them. I've spent a couple of frantic hours convincing only to have them kindly destroyed morning after morning because the mikes won't work or there are scratches on the sound effects mikes." That got him opening up, and he said, "What would you do if you were president of the CBC?"

Maclean's: What did you say?
Ferguson: I was never asked that before, but I've always had an answer for it. If I were president of the CBC I would get rid of Ottawa. I would start in the remote city of Toronto, take the topman and follow him around all day asking him, "What is your job, what do you do, and what is that?" Then you go to his account and follow him around for a day to see how he helps that man. Then you go to several other places who help the account. And if you couldn't



IF YOU COULDN'T GET RID OF 40% OF THE CBC DRONES, I'D BE VERY MUCH SURPRISED

get rid of well, a very conservative estimate would be 40% of what I call the drones and put their salaries into equipment and into rewarding creative people then I would be very much surprised. "Well," he said, "who would be there then to take the parliamentary program?" I said "You've got to cut some of these presidents who could do that relatively unimportant job while you yourself find that who can make these decisions should be one looking at what's going on. Even if you were just seen around the studio, just to boost morale. Nobody comes over the studio, they're physically removed from management."

Just last night I ran into Harry Boyle and he mentioned a story I thought was impos-

sible. When the big upheaval came over The Mirror News Service (and the CBC was getting rid of its three presidents, Judy Lublin, who was Secretary of State, came to Harry Boyle and asked him if he would run a Harry said, "I will undertake anything." He asked for hundreds of thousands of dollars to pay all the costs of management and staff from scratch. Of course, the money wasn't available, but that would have been the great turning point that would have saved the program. That was the moment that was lost, because Harry Boyle knew where the dead wood was, the shrubs, the drunks and the total incompetents, and he would have removed them off and started from scratch. We missed a great opportunity.

Maclean's: How did you feel about getting an acronym?

Ferguson: It's a terrible thing to say, but a subconscious one. I like to get down into a genre radio station and a program on the air. In my early years it would have meant much more to me. Picking up an award, knowing that in that audience there were young performers as I was 20 years ago, I really felt guilty. But the greatest awards I've had are the letters that come in from people who say "Mr. Ferguson, I remember going to see my father during his last illness. He was going through a lot of pain in his hospital bed, but I'd find him laughing at your program." Now that type of thing is the greatest, because it's made you're supposed to think that your words are making a difference. Suddenly you realize that there are faith and blood here, lives hang out there on the evening end. A week ago in a moment at Toronto I almost hit a guy. He was making a scene in the restaurant, bullying the waitresses, and I got up to get a cigarette and all I went by him he looked up and said, "Well, it's not the famous television and radio personality." I was up on the balls of my feet, the afternoon, bullying the waitresses, and I finished the sentence, "who made the last days of my mother's illness so happy. Thank you."

Maclean's: You're retiring at 51. Why?

Ferguson: You know, I'm a family-type guy, "You're too young to retire." Well, Cape Breton is such a physical country that it would be suicidal to go there at a normal retirement age and at that look at that scenery from a wheelchair. You've got to be younger than you are in physical state than I've ever done in my life. Well, building, digging, gardening, chopping wood. I want to enjoy it while I'm still young enough to really get into the thing, and really see it down there.

Maclean's: You mentioned the term "creative responses" which you hope to promote in Paul's studio, Cape Breton. What do you mean?

Ferguson: Right now, I don't even want to write my name. I want a complete escape from what we're doing. I'd like to go down to do things like working with my hands, keep chickens, keep goats, keep

This is what Tilden charges for mileage. Before you rent, check the others.



TILDEN Yes we have no mileage charge



No mileage charge in most major cities. Tilden has no extra model cars like that old Chevy. For Canada and southern U.S. markets. Call them in your city. U.S. reserves are through Registered Car Rental. Tilden has exclusive rights to lease Tilden cars through Olympic rings and medals. Tilden is your Olympic. And make sure you're buying Olympic rings and medals. Tilden is your Olympic. Call them.



The exclusive for Canada and southern U.S. markets. Call them in your city. U.S. reserves are through Registered Car Rental. Tilden has exclusive rights to lease Tilden cars through Olympic rings and medals. Tilden is your Olympic. And make sure you're buying Olympic rings and medals. Tilden is your Olympic. Call them.

been growl about them. But after one year, after the three years, I don't know when this going to happen, I haven't happened for years, but when I was just starting out with the CBC I use to just love to sit down with a pen and paper and write out a list. I'm hoping that I'll get this feeling again down there in Cape Breton. But all I never lead me to get back on to the crowd all of five a week. The way I want to do it, it comes to me, this "creative mood," would be to write on my own time. I did get great satisfaction out of that one book. I wrote it at Cape Breton in my cottage. And then we supposed to appear, but it was fun to do. If I wasn't in the right mood, I'd

put it on one side. If I was in the mood, of course, I would go right through the usual hours of the morning enjoying every minute of it.

McGowan: You're a pretty man. Are you shy?

Parsons: I don't like human beings in groups over six. I can't stand cocktail parties. Shy, is not the word. I'm a bit withdrawn. I think I'm not gregarious, that's the way to put it. I couldn't join a service club.

McGowan: You've done some extremely funny and accurately accurate expressions of our political leaders. Could you tell me what you think of one such as Scarborough and Trudeau?

Parsons: I'd have to take Bob Stanfield first, because I feel more guilty about what I did to him than any other politician. Here is a man who unfortunately came on the political scene at a time when television dominated politics. He worked beautifully for Trudeau, who wrote the motion picture, and I think the press knows it now, at a time we do so to every bit as good as Trudeau's and a sense of humor every bit as good as Trudeau's, but unfortunately he had to make an instant change. I really felt guilty doing a characterization, which unfortunately made him look comically dumb. I want great elements for him. He's got tremendous energy and he is one of the few politicians that I really, really feel I like.

McGowan: What about Trudeau?

Parsons: I'll always give him credit for one thing—he's probably the first prime minister who has impressed us abroad, especially any in England where even though they are very nice, polite and gracious to you they will laugh at you for being a cultural. I don't think that anyone over there would laugh at Trudeau, because he could never up even the most casual Englishman. But on the domestic scene, I don't know. I assumed greatly a remark he made a few years ago. At the time, he was problem man at its worst, and kids were being picked up and on the streets. These kids were lost, no recreation in their life, and Trudeau came out and said, "Let them go up and build a new country in the North. That's what we need for excitement in their life." But he had a colony and hypocrisy. The kids today want some kind of direction. My daughter is a kibbutz in Israel and I've never seen such glowing letters. She's been looking for that all her life—a sense of adventure and pioneering that Canadian kids have never had, not in this generation certainly. I remember Trudeau being hip because it was a large home for young kids in Canada. They paid no attention, they were drifting they had no values of their own, and they simply were going to accept the glossy values of any generation.

McGowan: Do you think you should get McFee a farm in Cape Breton?

Parsons: Oh, McFee just loves Cape Breton. He came down the mountain and he used to get up at first in the morning. I get my around town—and I would see him coming out to the sea, breathing his north in my 150 over-proof case. He loves the life too. I think it's in everybody. In his eye people meet of all. I just feel cramped and suffocated in the city looking over rooftops from my apartment building. I said this to McFee, and he started laughing at me, but it's got something to do with the very origins of life—in a place where nature is a therapeutic effect. The sound of surf coming in is the best of the most therapeutic things I can think of, even if you don't swim in the water, even if you just watch and listen to the water. ☐

"How many people get to meet someone new every five minutes?"

Judy Mannoff,
Reservations Agent, Toronto.

"Every time I take a call, it's sort of like meeting someone for the first time. Being friendly just comes naturally. But that's just part of it. My customers are looking for quick and accurate information. And I have a computer to help me see that they get it. But when a customer has a problem; or when a family on a trip needs advice—they want someone to talk to. And that's when I do what I do best. Because the way people feel about American Airlines depends on how they feel about me."

We're American Airlines.
Doing what we do best.

I AM AMERICAN AIRLINES

Can you find the room freshener in this picture?

We designed new Airwick Twins to be the most inconspicuous room freshener you can buy.

If you look hard you'll find it to the right of the clock. But when you put it in your home your guests will never notice it. And that's its beauty.

Plus New Airwick Twins give you two room freshening units for what you'd expect to pay for one.

The three totally new fragrances, Sea Pine, Sunny Citrus and Herbal Bouquet, effectively eliminate unwanted odors leaving just a gentle trace of their own refreshing scent.

And since it's from Airwick—the pioneer in room fresheners—

you're assured of quality.

New Airwick Twins, a beautifully discreet way to freshen your home.





PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

The great
'FM years
are just
beginning
CKFM 99.9

Letters

When in doubt, go ahead anyway

I tell that *Sometimes The Cow It Wins* (May 3) about space hardware spraying and Ray's Syndrome was very good. I would, however, like to correct one error and add some new information.

First, repeated chugging of blood is not the only known treatment for Ray's Syndrome. Along with the blood transfusions, the child undergoes dialysis, is given a powerful drug, L-dopa, to maintain nerve impulses, and holes are drilled into the patient's skull to relieve the pressure caused by swelling of the brain.

The aspect of the panel of six constitutional and medical experts was subtle in the New Brunswick legislature May 6. They recommended that a program be started to observe and document the occurrence of Ray's Syndrome throughout Canada and to study the possible role of chemicals used in the space hardware control program, viral diseases and abuse or inadvertent contamination in causing or potentiating Ray's Syndrome. They also asked that more detailed information be made available on the chemical nature and toxic properties of the sprays. They would not recommend against spraying because they lacked "definitive evidence" linking the spray program to Ray's Syndrome in humans.

Arthur Leclachur from the Federal Department of Agriculture recently announced that the license for spraying in New Brunswick was in the mail. When Leclachur was asked by a newspaper whether he felt the spray program was safe, he said, "There is an element of risk involved in everything. I cannot guarantee the safety of the spray program, but I cannot guarantee that you will not be run over

by a car when you cross the street."

I suggest that the children of New Brunswick are being foolishly pushed, blindfolded, into Leclachur's metaphorical street while the experts will observe their progress safely from the sidewalk.

DAVID DONALDSON, PROCTORVILLE, OH

This here's the real Alberta, boys!

Alban Forthright's pacifist and myopic analysis of Alberta, *This Here's Alberta, Boy* (May 11), prompted me to laugh until my aorta peaked last but there is poorly dictated.

Alberta second province (reorder left), in struggling with emotional grieving since the likes of which central Canada has never known. The needhead and temporary petroleum wealth will have to be properly assigned to ensure that Alberta and western Canada never returns to the status of central Canada's poor country cousins. Premier Lougheed's over-which-way-greivance was not the product of hard interests, it was an endorsement of its defense of Alberta's rights within Confederation, a Confederation we joined as a province in 1905. At that time we did not expect to be called on to support the entire nation. Albertans are Canadians first and we want to continue within our fragile union.

Given Canadian's' concern with women's rights Forthright is an safe ground attacking chauvinistic big-men, the place Calgary Tower and that half-work of male ego, undigested. Next to you, Alkie! We cannot afford the luxury of managing Alberta's growth without the participation of all Albertans, male and female. Our women, like most of Canada's

Editor's note



SPED BATTAL

In the May 31 issue of *Maclean's*, the editorial above is a picture accompanying a news item on the reported danger of polio was incorrectly identified as R.E. Kasse, head of microbiology at Dalhousie University. The picture was of Sped Battal, a microbiologist at our University of Ottawa who discovered five strains of potentially dangerous polio virus in Ottawa sewage.

women, are far from liberated but Alberta's prosperity presents excellent opportunities for individual cheating (in independent course).

As for worrying about the Calgary Stampede honoring the American Bicentennial, well don't. There has always been American participation in Stampede events and no doubt we'll acknowledge it every 100 years.

R.K. GORDON, EDMONTON

Alban Forthright hides his wishy to think behind an excellent command of words (imagining him on his dead).

MEL P.M. ENTHUSIASM, CALGARY

Perhaps it's a matter of definition

In *Star-Gid Sunday* Ray's (Pavlov, May 17) you say that the Bay City Rollers "don't write music." This statement is incorrect. Most of the music recorded by the group has been written by Fred Fenderson and Stuart Wood, occasionally Louie McKinnon, the lead singer, helps with the songwriting.

ANGELA MORRAN, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

The word spreads further and wider

I was on a trip to Nassau recently and upon your April 16 issue, on a newspaper, I bought it in a flash since *Maclean's* doesn't come into Jamaica. I read it cover to cover without setting it down and I want to commend you on its excellence. I especially enjoyed the interview with Dr. Wilber Fendall.

In my view, you're getting better. Keep it up.

C.D. WELLS, KINGSTON, JAMAICA

There will be only one case of bloodlet in July and one in August, in accordance with the public custom which originally announced that Governor Macleod will remove every assembly publication in September.

Send to: Maclean's Subscription Department

Box 9108, Postal Station A, Toronto M5W 1V8

☐ I'm moving. My old address label is attached. My new address is below. (Please allow six weeks for processing.)

☐ I would like to subscribe. Send me one year of *Maclean's* \$36 in Canada \$52 outside Canada.

ATTACH
OLD
ADDRESS
LABEL
HERE

MR. MRS. MISS. MS.

NEW ADDRESS

APT.

CITY

PROV.

POSTAL CODE

DATE OF BIRTH

Tales of a profligate government, and an opposition that doesn't oppose

Column by Maxwell Henderson

At the time the government was advancing hundreds of millions of dollars in new projects, the House of Commons, then the chamber of finance, to debate the issues to parliament for approval. He finally did so but I never realized how strongly the Pearson government had opposed my request until, meeting several key deputy ministers by chance one day on Ottawa's Wellington Street, they began to tell me about my demands. One of them, parading C. D. Howe, said "Hell, who's to stop us—those guys on the 141?"

It is this attitude in the top echelons of the federal public service that explains why our men are given to talk back information about government spending. At the same time, cabinet has little patience with parliamentary questioning. It expects the political and bureaucratic controllers, even though it seldom of care when the government's practices. This is why more and more frequently now the Trudeau government provides to the House of Commons only the bare minimum of information about its proposed spending. It seems to consider it sufficient to conform to the various steps in the parliamentary process which weighed down by the parliamentary timetable and the complexities of the spending process, means that few members of the House are able to ask meaningful questions.

The job of the chairman of each of the committees of the House (who is carefully selected by the government) is to get departmental estimates approved as far as possible. Each year we witness various attempts to a bulletin of dissent in the committees—members opening the debates with policy recommendations followed by heated discussions closing their with a minimum of discussion. In my view, at a high time the opposition accepted its responsibilities of opposing, of vigorously questioning, of demanding and securing information that the press will pick up and the public understand.

The Trudeau government's estimated cash requirements for 1976-77 amount to



Henderson: who's minding the store?

\$42 billion, out of the 95 departmental estimates, only 20 are lower than in 1975-76. The other 75 all demand more money.

The detail given to justify these huge increases in the estimates blue book is minimal indeed. It was cut back from the sample presentation given prior to 1975-76 to reflect a system of "budgeting by program," but the Treasury Board's definition of "programs" is essentially a departmental exercise—it does not, for instance, pull out and show separately the huge overall cost of such programs as health care for the public service, namely a government "program" by any standard.

In his introduction to the Estimates, Treasury Board President Jean Chrétien remarks on that this approach "represents a synthesis of the recommendations of many observers, particularly the Members of Parliament who served on the Standing Committee on Public Accounts during the first session of the twenty-eighth parliament with whom the new form of the estimates was discussed in all significant particular."

This was in November, 1968, when, as auditor general, I was the adviser to the Public Accounts Committee of the day. C. M. Drury, then president of the advisory board, presented the government's proposals. One of these was a still further reduction in the number of votes or debating opportunities available to the Members of Parliament. In 1968 when Canada's yearly spending was around six billion dollars, the government had demanded that to reduce the number of votes on the budgetary estimates from 495 to 236. At the 1968 meeting when yearly spending was \$9.8 billion, Drury pushed through a further reduction to "hold the work of Members of Parliament and to better serve the needs of more effective governmental administration."

These reductions may have served the needs of the Treasury Board administration, but they have not facilitated the work of the men. The same they must deal with are so large and the information available in the blue book is so minimal that for many men the vote have become exercises in frustration and futility.

The committee also charged the auditor general in 1968 with seeing to it that a certain basic minimum disclosure criteria is followed in publishing the estimates and in making it necessary to bring to the attention of parliament. I carried out this instruction up to 1972 but the committee did not seem to be concerned the cost and content of the Treasury Board. As the spending became larger and larger every year, less and less disclosure was made.

The present auditor general, my successor, is concerned about this. In the first installment of his report, *Financial Management and Control Study* tabled last December, he wrote: "The study leads to one clear conclusion: the present state of the financial management and control system of departments and agencies of the government of Canada is significantly below acceptable standards of quality and effectiveness."

Should wonder that parliament has lost control of government spending. The members—our representatives—scarcely have a fighting chance to get adequate information on the spending they have to approve. When they approve the 1976-77 spending estimates, they will indeed be saving \$42 billion over to a government whose financial controls are "significantly below acceptable standards of quality and effectiveness."

Maxwell Henderson is the former Auditor General of Canada.



No one ever closed a sale sitting in a traffic jam.

That's why so many companies are using Phone Power.

The problem many salesmen face today isn't selling. It's in the amount of time lost travelling and waiting.

That's why so many Canadian companies are switching to Phone Power to increase their salesmen's productivity.

Phone Power is a unique marketing program which among other things, trains your people to sell more effectively over the telephone.

It works. Over 700 Canadian companies are using Phone Power.

We can also help you to:

1. Increase profitability of small, marginal accounts.
 2. Extend market coverage.
 3. Increase service to existing accounts without substantially increasing costs.
 4. Improve collection of overdue accounts.
- Phone Power is a consulting

service offered by the major telephone companies that make up the Trans-Canada Telephone System.

We have marketing/communications experts in all major cities across Canada who can help you set up a program, tailored to your needs.

For fast action, call us toll free 1-800-267-8223 (12-900-267-8223 in British Columbia) or fill in the coupon below.

Phone Power Trans-Canada Telephone System

1 Nicholas Street, 9th Floor
Ottawa, Ontario K1G 3H8

At: Jutta Wächter

I want to find out whether Phone Power can benefit my company.

Please send me your Phone Power brochure ()
Please have a Phone Power specialist call me ()
We have a sales force of _____ people.

Name _____

Company _____

Address _____

Province _____

Phone _____ Area Code _____

*Some examples of departmental increases before the Auditor-General Board rules:

	Per 1976-77	% Increase over 1975-76
Statistics Canada	\$ 158,133,879	60%
Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce	49,660,000	33
Public Service Staff Relations Board	4,978,000	40
Auditor General	11,511,000	20%
Post Office	1,129,708,000	39
Public Service Commission	79,300,000	39
National Research Council	228,315,000	22
National Film Board	1,118,000	18
Department of Finance	7,758,902,000	18.6



The Jungle Jim.

(You'll go bananas for this one.)

Every youngster knows how beautifully bananas go with milk or cream. For most grownups, however, it's just a fond memory. But there are many reasons why that glorious, gold-white taste of yesteryear should remain a mere memory? Searching for the answer to that weighty question, we came upon a drink called The Jungle Jim, which we heartily recommend to friends of Smirnoff, with just one admonition: Because The Jungle Jim will conjure up pleasant memories of bananas in cream, it may make you forget that you're putting away two ounces of liquor. Don't forget.



To make The Jungle Jim, pour 1 oz. Smirnoff 1 oz. banana liqueur and 1 oz. milk into a shot glass without stir. And *confrance*.

Smirnoff

It leaves you breathless.

Preview

Fear and loathing in television-land: say good-bye to some old friends

Larry Zoff once described the CBC as a place where people snatched you in the front, and stories being snatched out of the Cipe's news operation these days are tending to support his observation. The most visible change will likely be the disappearance of CBC Washington correspondent Ron Collier, who once held his own

to make a certain amount of sense. In a pre-declared study, the CBC is predicting increased likelihood of chemically-aided or bacterially-aided, inevitably, avoiding cause distraction. The fear is heightened by the influx of foreign-born summer for the U.S. Bicentennial and the Montreal Olympics, conditions ripe, as the report

permanent isolate class, but a little sample of issue fear as Montreal—said by some to be so likely as an outbreak of swine flu—could change that.

Attempting to see her like again: While it seems, sometimes, that Canadians have never known a taste when Beryl Plumpac was not around, even as business of whopping just, they must now get used to life without her. Nobody feels the less more than June Trudeau—except maybe Australian Board chairman Jean-Luc Pagan. As vice-chairman of the AIA, Plumpac was President of the



Aftermath of Japanese Red Army attack at Tel Aviv's Tel Aviv, 1972: prophet

South: they also feel who all and walk

days two years ago when he took a leave of absence to run for the Tories in the last federal election. After he lost, he was not allowed to return to his Ottawa base and dropped out to Washington. Now it seems, he's been ordered back to his \$100,000-a-year desk job in Toronto (the currently makes much more than that). Instead, he will likely quit and become press secretary to Opposition Leader Joe Clark. In other news, Colin Hough appears to be on the way back from exotic Hong Kong—reluctant—to take over coverage in Asia (not to be confused with the CBC's former senior correspondent Don McNeill, just ending an extended leave of absence—about as Ottawa and having it. Over a CTV's trouble (as change is so called in the trade) will leave the network without WJ reporter producer Gordon Donaldson, who was told he "didn't fit into next year's plans and that his work hadn't been satisfactory for years"—revelations to him—and Halifax reporter Stan Williams. And Cliff Scott, everybody's add-in choice to replace Carrie Taylor on WJ by mid-June, is still waiting and wondering.

Extremely armed and dangerous: While The Company—as the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency is known—has been wrong (badly and often) before, its latest message to the American people appears

states, "For a host of opportunities for domestic terrorist action." While nuclear devices are not out of the question—they can be built without all the resources of an Atomic Energy Commission, and easily planted—the CBC is more frightened of chemically-aided attacks. "Many of these weapons are presently very easy to acquire. Hence the danger they could turn up in the hands of the sort of ultra-radical or pyro-phobic fringe group (the Japanese Red Army seems to stand as an example) that would have the most conspicuous about using them in very real."

Wives men greater: It is best known as from fever, as the like, and it's hard to roughly 30% to 35% of its victims, and according to some public health officials could show up at the Montreal Olympic Games (July 17-August 1). But while all the night ingredients are there—a high-density, transient population and many insects and arthropods have long been from Asia, where issue is not only safe—the chances of contracting it are infinitely small. If issue does arrive, however, it may be difficult to treat. Canada owns only three possible health selection units (and no permanent ones), as anything more than three cases would automatically become a small crisis (Lassa fever cannot be adequately treated in a normal hospital environment). Apparently, neither Ottawa, which is officially in charge of communicable diseases, nor the provinces, which register health care issues to bear the expense of establishing



Plumpac: not indispensable—but close

The new, improved Pierre Elliott Trudeau



Seemingly intent on grabbing the reins, Pierre Trudeau stepped into the role of the House of Commons one day this month to defend one of the government's most controversial proposals—the plan to cut back on Ottawa's contributions to shared-cost programs with the provinces. The opposition parties, reflecting provincial objections to the scheme, howled. Trudeau downed this, too, but turned his back on the Conservatives and New Democrats, faced by one party's benches and surrounded by an entire symbolic embrace. The Liberals erupted in hearty approval of their leader's fiery move.

This unusual scene on the stand Commons floor was far more than a ritual display of support for a government policy. Suddenly, Trudeau's demonstration had given the Opposition something to cheer about in an otherwise depressing session of bad polls and worse news. This incident

journalists gave both Trudeau and the opposition to put to rest the charge that he is depressed and outplayed by events—and to show his supporters that he is almost certainly will be around when the time comes to lead them against the right-wing Tories under Joe Clark.

For Trudeau it was a week of busy-headed success, as he shifted suddenly to the offensive. Despite the province's sour mood, Trudeau provided efficiency as chairman at the meeting with the 10 provinces in which Ottawa proposed to cut direct grants to the provinces for health and education, and to lower federal taxes accordingly. The provinces, whose provincial administrations would then be free to raise their own taxes, reacted angrily to Ottawa's lack of detail—but a showdown over the issue was conveniently put off until February 7. At the same time, Trudeau did manage

to reassure the provinces that broad support for moves to bring the Canadian constitution home from Westminster. "Whipping ourselves to the Union Jack," concluded one provincial leader, "just won't work any more."

Later, Trudeau made one of his most impressive Commons speeches in recent years when he entered debate on the bill to abolish capital punishment. Speaking at a time when it appeared that the bill could be defeated on second reading, Trudeau argued his case on the grounds that "respect for human life is absolutely vital to the rights and freedoms we all enjoy" and pleaded with men not to "abandon reason in favor of vengeance." The next day, he was off to Washington for a meeting with President Gerald Ford, an occasion that served to upstage Joe Clark's one-day visit to the U.S. capital, where he also met Ford and key members of the Adminis-

Reluctantly, the PM turns to thoughts of a fresh cabinet



John Mulcair, Campaigner, Fox and Fleming: noted—at least by the Ottawa pundits—most likely to succeed

Increasingly the view crystallizing in Ottawa that Pierre Trudeau may soon have to perform major surgery on a job could not that has suffered from crisis to crisis since John Turner resigned the Prime Minister's office last September. The PM's own preference might be to wait, since he is known to stress Lester Pearson's belief that shuffling and seeking, ministers is "a most unhappy assignment." There is always the risk, too, that ministers given the job might quit parliament as well and bring on a round of risky by-elections. But at a time of slumping Liberal popularity

Trudeau's advisers are calling for a major shake-up—with at least half a dozen ministers departing and at least as many, or more, new faces arriving—to signify a clean break with the past. "I'm impressed by the polls," says a senior Trudeau adviser. "I don't think we can afford to wait."

When the shuffle comes—and that could be as early as July before the Montreal Olympics capture the front pages—the men and women involved will fall into three broad categories: those who may leave this time, those staying to new jobs, and the unhappy few who will be cut altogether. A guide to the likely shuffling:

• Among those almost certain to stay put are such cabinet heavyweights as Finance Minister Donald Macdonald, Transport's Clio Ling, Justice Minister Ron Bastien, Trade Minister Don Jamieson and Jean Charest, the powerful Treasury Board chief. Allan Rock, who has not left the prime minister's office at External Affairs, but Trudeau is heavily rumored to be hiring for serving the government as House Leader during the post-1977 period of minority Liberal government. Less secure, but probably good bets to stay are Agri-

culture Minister Eugene Whelan, who has stumbled recently, and Labor's John Mulcair, an untested performer who has taken the brunt of the unions' Fox over wage controls.

• Those probably destined for new portfolios include Indian and Northern Affairs Minister Judd Buchanan, who has earned the enmity of native leaders and who is reportedly seeking a higher portfolio as he is the minister responsible for patronage in Ontario. Public Works, currently held by Bud Drury, might be a likely new spot for Buchanan, and Fisheries Minister Romeo LeBlond could then take over Indian Affairs. Health and Welfare Minister Marc Lalonde, who has bailed after three years of trying to open income policy for the working poor on the ground, may be shifted. Werner Altmann is reported to wait out his job as Solicitor General after three thankless years of overseeing the penitentiaries system and his rise.

• Out will probably go House Leader Mitchell Sharp, Public Works' Drury and Transport Minister Jean Marchand, the owners of the three most bomb-looking faces in cabinet. Sharp and Drury, who actually date back to the first Peterson cabinet in 1963, may be more than happy to try down the stairs of office. Mr. Marchand, whose performance in recent years has been so woefully erratic, might fight to stay on—and as one of Trudeau's closest confidants, might succeed in doing so. Also likely to go is either Defense Minister James Richardson or Supply Minister Jean-Pierre Goy, who have been leading publicly over the objection of Guy Lafleur, head of the prime minister's staff. Both have serious mis-

deeds on their record. Richardson is the only minister from Manitoba (there are only two Liberal MPs from the province) and Goy is a personal friend of Trudeau. Two other possible candidates for the backbenches are Secretary of State Hugh Faulkner and Senate Leader Ray Perrault.

All told, Trudeau could open up as many as nine new cabinet posts by dropping some ministers and shuffling others into old portfolios. Among the leading candidates in the backbenches for promotion are John Campagnolo of St. Catharines of Saskatchewan, Jim Fleming, John Roberts and Ed Langer of Ontario, and Francois Fox and Monique Bégin of Quebec. But even if eight or nine backbenches are promoted, the immediate impact on government would be minorly slight. Since for the "new security," required to be unveiled in the Throne Speech this fall, come under the economic portfolios—and the ministers there are not likely to move. The other major alternatives in the reform are expected to fall under Transport and Clio Ling is in that portfolio for the moment. It is likely that cabinet changes would, in the end, be largely cosmetic.

One possible exception involves Bryce Mackenzie, the Minister of Consumer and Corporate Affairs who doubles as Postmaster General. He has considered resigning because of his unpopularity over cutbacks in unemployment insurance, the program he helped to develop when he was labor minister before 1972. If he were to go, the cabinet would lose not only a capable minister but also part of his conscience something that the troubled Liberals can ill afford.

DANIEL GARDNER

tration and Congress. (While he was in Washington, the Tories announced that Clark's wife, Maureen, is expecting a baby next November.)

All in all, it was a week that revealed Trudeau in a decidedly up-and-down way when his mood has been a subject of

some considerable curiosity. (It is rumored that Pierre Elliott Trudeau is still much on people's minds, if not exactly in their

* *La Presse* says that the day after the election in June, when Trudeau was in Montreal, he was out with his wife and mother for a long dinner at the Hotel de Ville.

books. Ottawa, the PM's media has been at pains to spread the word that he is an "incredibly powerful" man. The week is counter a flurry of reports that Trudeau is in fact depressed—an impression Trudeau himself felt during a private meeting with a group of reporters on May 14. At the time,

ings. Because of the backlash—and a string of other setbacks connected with the 1980 election—some Stampede events have had to be scaled down, and there are fears that attendance may suffer.

From the start, 1986 had not looked like one of the Stampede's better years. First there was a tax and payroll scandal involving Royal American Shows, the Stampede's midway operator, followed by the great Polish hot dance when it was discovered that "official" Stampede white hats were to be made from Polish felt—decap-

American expatriates worried about the design that might be done to the Canadian identity.

Meanwhile, other things began to go wrong and Stampede officials eventually had to admit that the controversial Flare Square show would not be "nearly as large as in the past." Anticipated U.S. funding for the show would not be as available, and some of the American performers wanted to participate would be able to come because of a conflicting government conference. A timber show taking the Oregon lumber industry will be manned by British Columbia lumbermen because Oregon couldn't come up with the money. Even scheduled performances by American entertainers Tony Orlando and Dawn had to be cancelled when the singer decided between a gig at the Stampede and the Foliesbergues Exhibition playing the same dates. The fiasco, and ensuing feed-ups, left Stampede officials thoroughly shaken (they bitterly announced that next year's theme would be a salute to Canada's native peoples).

Yet even though officials had been warned that the U.S. salute would prompt resentment, the mistake was, perhaps, understandable. Calgary, after all, is a city with an American population of somewhere between 35,000 and 70,000 out of a total 470,000. The links between Calgary and the western United States are far stronger and older than any the city has with eastern Canada. They were forged with the coming of the cattle industry, when cowboys roamed north from Missouri, Texas, Oklahoma, and Wyoming. The oil boom that followed during the 1940s poured in from Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma and Mississippi by the thou-

sands. Today there are more than 450 oil-related businesses in Calgary—strictly linked with the multinational oil corporations—and business travel out of Calgary's International Airport is constantly southward bound. Yet Calgarians resist, usually with hostility, suggestions that they are American colony. Few in Calgary like to be reminded of the influence Charles Glenn exercised in 1972, when the then Oakland, California, police chief was hired for the Calgary chief's job. The client was deferring and Glenn had to resign before he even took over.

U.S. citizens in the dry area, though generally, complain of having to defend American foreign policy, or of having to take the blame for racial unrest in the United States. "Every time Henry Ford has had on a helicopter tour," complains one American, "everybody is the office makes a point of bringing it up with me." The issue is sufficiently sensitive that U.S. firms transferring employees to Calgary often hint that criticism of their new surroundings might not be well advised, but that strong, non-negotiable, necessary involvement would be.

As a result of the engineers' poor judgement, the Stampede systems stuck with Street Port, one of the U.S. Presidents, as favored guest. But Stampede president So Barker freely admits that the live-stock market salute "didn't quite work out" and officials are now promoting the grandstand show while quietly downplaying Flare Square. The Stampede leaves on Calgary a distinctive cultural imprint, like the brand on a cigar. The American legend is increasingly just as real, only not so highly visible—it shows up only under the ultra-violet light of criticism. **DELANE FARMER**



A salute to America on the Flare Square pyron at the Stampede rodeo stand clapping

It seems the coppers have come e-cropper

Back on June 1, Montreal Police Director René Gagnéault proudly announced his unit had cracked the case of the armed kidnapping of a Bank's informant (see p. 16). Police swoops had rounded up eight suspects and about \$80,000 of the loot. Since then Gagnéault's triumph has grown increasingly ragged around the edges. Five of the original suspects were never charged—and by mid-month even grimmer enforcement came the caps when it landed on the case of Remy Dufil 20, who was hauled into court for a preliminary hearing on a formidable array of charges: robbery, forcible confinement, conspiracy to commit robbery and theft of a panel truck allegedly used in the Bank's job. But after flitting to the casually contradictory evidence given by Dufil and the police Judge Claude Jorles dismissed all the charges for lack of sufficient evidence.

What bothered the judge was the probability that the 21st-page informant twice by Dufil to the police might not have been entirely voluntary in that statement, Dufil

supposedly claimed that he was paid \$70,000 to steal the truck that was used to carry the \$50,000 machine gun used to entrance into Bank's guards. According to the cops, Dufil's words when arrested were "I didn't rob Bank's" while the Bank "in court Dufil version of his dealings with the police was that he was arrested shortly after noon on May 31 and held for 30 hours in a police interrogation room. Five days later he was allegedly handcuffed to a bar and beaten. The police version on the other hand, was that Dufil had been picked up on the afternoon of June 1 and that his interrogation lasted a mere 24 hours. After hearing that, Dufil's lawyer demanded to see the panel truck used to record the arrival of prisoners. mysteriously there was no mention of Dufil's arrest on either day. The log did contain the names of two other suspects—Roger Provencal, 42, and Michel Pilon, 39—who were arrested June 1 and are free on bail pending trial in September. In the meantime, the Montreal police reported that a hunt was continuing for a fourth man in the case.

The weather beater.

Extra Light Three Layer

RHUM BLANC

Captain Morgan

WHITE RUM

AND BOTTLED BY THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

APRIL 1987

07 119-7107

Distilled and specially processed by Seagram.



Rebirth of a nation

The American dream has moved from the boardrooms of Wall Street and back rooms of Washington to the poolsides and barbecues of the New West

By Peter C. Newman

By the time you get to Phoenix the paradox of the changing American power structure takes on heightened reality. A very different country is being born here, and few of us who study the United States at safe distance (and into the dreary demagoguery of pecking over the actions and pronouncements of our revolutionary conquerors) are aware of the delicate yet assembling transformations in train to the south of us.

It is simple enough to sit about the boisterous lodges of Oranges at the perihelion of Toronto during the summering dance of American civilization, gazing a little over the nightmare of Vietnam and Washington, snugly measuring the long evening of the American dream. But even of the complex struggle among its countervailing commitments during the Presidential, biennial year has left the United States divided and divided, and of the confusion is emerging a novel configuration of people and forces, restructuring the republic. The placid centers and cold basins of the States have vanished. Kansas, Michigan, N. Texas, Illinois, Iowa, Japan and Phil Ochs are dead. Ray Brown is in prison. Tom Leary has named reformer Tom Hayden is running for the Senate. Neil Armstrong, first man to walk the moon, is back in Cincinnati tinkering school. Even though each of the current Presidential candidates marches to the beat of his own compass (changing ideological orientations as safely as the shades in the beams of a pigeon), the campaign is still in blood, without tears, Vietnam in England, Watergate absorbed. The only new political force meaning, significant converts is a replete of extremism against Washington as the symbol of extravagance, corruption and paid intention gone mad.

But beyond the chance of the campaign, there's a fundamental transformation under way, permanently altering the social culture and economic geography of the U.S.A. Not too long ago, Phoenix, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Tulsa, Fort Worth, Houston and New Orleans served as distant outposts of the New York-Chicago-Washington power axis, with the real wealth and influence flowing from the enclaved estates of Newport, Grover Point and Greenwich, Connecticut. Now the action that cannot be moved below the 35th parallel, into Texas, the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Arkansas, Oklahoma, California and Arizona — baggy flaps states that average 300 days of sunshine a year and place five times on a man's potential. The right-lipped, Ivy League personae of the East are being displaced by open collared Westerners who don't give a damn for family background or Harvard and prefer hawking Johnny Cash to Stephen Spender. Their philosophy is a kind of Whig populism, starting in the moon through self-interest — a revolt at the Postmodern Work Ethic dressed up with theories of Mexican socialism.

The future of America somehow seems most visible in Phoenix, where the wind comes howling in from the parched moonscapes of Utah, raising the temperature 30 degrees and has left here a new balance of self-determination of the area's new conservative spirit with the open optimism of a last frontier and the big-brother orientations of men not women who no longer recognize their own big picture. The good bourgeois Phoenixers regard their nation's recent misadventures strictly as Washington phenomena, little connected with their own sense of propriety or guilt. They are a very different breed from this honorable and some time better lost memory of Eastern Establishment liberals who have had the run of America's affairs since the first inaugural of Franklin Delano Roosevelt — all those swift young men, light on both feet, even gaudier in spirit, at home among the elegant manners of finding any man's taste corrupt of greed, old hands at choosing among the losses of any number of evils. (Their speech came from Gene McCarthy, once himself an honored prototype of the species, when he delivered a tirade in one who kept a nose down 40 feet from shore by throwing his 30-foot rope while

choosing "I've just you mean that half way.")

The new pillars of wealth who run Arizona — and are decisively along the U.S. power structure toward the south and the west — have few of the burden of liberal doubt or compassion. They are proud and rigid in their self-confidence and, like most with principles, tend to novel at attempts. They all seem to have decided cropped hair which leaves their ears exposed and abnormally prominent, giving their faces a cast of personality sensitive candor. (They love promiscuity. The latest pugilist — for \$250,000 — books into the back of a car and flashes "You're welcome" at the automatic "Thank You" sign as he gets out.) They no longer pretend to Stetson hats or pose suspicion their cuffs, only black rings but with turquoise chain remains of the Western metal they once affected. Their conversation, strong as horseback, is devoid of the timidity and Kennedy cadence that still bedazzles them in the beaten-down East. No talk here of viable dreams or necessary compromise.

"Goed good security or your good home?" "Fishes? Tupper's fish? Where by time?" During Arizona's territorial days (it didn't become a state until 1912) free citizenship was defined by the ready and of a shotgun, and there haven't changed a whole lot. (That's Barry Goldwater's country where people discuss questions that reach beyond life's recklessness. A school, in someone who inquires bookstores. (Man felt an inspiration of anything that's passed except dollar bills.) Government employment operates on a solid budgetary system, the state's latest outstanding debt is a paltry \$150,000. Phoenix has a sprawling (270 square miles) trading area of 1.3 million people (populating in age 20-30); large homes with two swimming pools, 46 golf courses and a 1976 disposable income of \$16 billion, which ranks as standard of living among the world's highest. The streets of Phoenix are lined with palm trees, their flowered beds doleful and in the same even if that still detects the odd abandoned

across the wide horizons. The city has the confounding fall of a McBooks-a-Go-Go. There's a certain blowiness, something beautiful, everything. Across's jump in manufacturing employment in the United States' future, with an increasing number of large corporations (Kawada Inc., Grayhound making Phoenix their national headquarters).

Last May, when Rolls-Royce was looking for an appropriate spot to launch its new Canadian (total price: \$40,000) for the Arizona desert in Scottsdale, one of Phoenix's richest suburbs. Tom Bower III, a Scottsdale antique-car dealer, acted as his boss Rudolf Valentino's 1927 Duesenbach which he bought for \$175,000. He also owns Joseph Goebbels' original Mercedes-Benz. Scottsdale's most important watering hole is the Paradise Valley Country Club, where the customers of the Phoenix Establishment must to double the bill of City Park, in honor on the rocks, compare golf scores, and agree "that gang" in Washington and point at a hangout on the left of Camel Back. Mention where Jack Kennedy is supposed to have spent a weekend with Angel Dickinson. They seldom head back to their own holdings, if you can find out your exact worth in this territory, you're not very rich.

"Can I help you in a few more days, Anne?"

"What's the matter, Gail? The mall show pretty well divided out."

During the long, long evenings, with the walls of jossone and the ceiling of sweet dawn flaring the night air, Americans wait each other, driving their cars, in one-way streets, or in a blue sky through with a few people, or in a desert, the indifferent desert. On the far horizon, like giant ditches, massive jets land at Phoenix's Sky Harbor International, the country's busiest private airport. The knowledge that they are about to land, and the sky is alive with their roaring. In the new Southwest spending money is a way of life, worth every dollar. On a freeway leading out of the concrete highway of Houston, the city's citizens are up to date. Flashes from an electric billboard of Houston's the daily Dow-Jones Industrial Average. When Jack Randall, a millionaire owner who lives in L'Orchid, Kansas, heard that 1976 was to be the last production year for Cadillac Eldorado convertible, he ordered eight new models ("I figure I can use enough engines to last a lifetime," he explained, not bothering to mention that he is 72 years old.) There is another way, a special perhaps, about a teacher who ordered two Rolls-Royces with right and left-wheel drive, or he could get an even two on both he shows.

At this national metropolitan area of the north continue to decay and New York heads toward bankruptcy, the Southwest is entering the country. During the past decade eight million Ameri-

cans have moved into the sun belt. Every night the Midwest farmers' sun prob- ouch down the Arizona highways, from their back, high and steep, to land up again. According to Kirkpatrick Sale, who has studied the region, the gross national product of what he calls the 15 "Sunbelt States" is about \$600 billion—larger than that of any country except the whole of the United States, and the loss: "It has more cars (41 million), more telephones (38 million), more housing units (22 million), more TV sets (25 million) and more nuclear power capacity (4.1 million) than any other country except the Soviet Union—it is, in fact, a superpower on a world scale." The area contains most of the major

ARIZONANS SUSPECT ANYTHING IN PRINT—EXCEPT, OF COURSE, DOLLAR BILLS

growth industries—and especially the country's energy sources—Texas, Louisiana, California, Oklahoma and New Mexico account for 65% of the U.S. domestic oil and 88% of its natural gas, and across. While 62% of the new manufacturing jobs in the United States since 1970 have been added in parts of the Southwest, New York has lost 15 major head offices in the past 12 months. The United States' largest financial institution is no longer on Wall Street—it is California's Bank of America (with assets of over \$65 billion), and the most profitable bank in the country is in North Carolina. The Southwesters have even moved into New York to take over some of its remaining profit centers. The Gulf Coast, the best department store on Fifth Avenue has been bought by the Carter Hawley Hale organization of Los Angeles. Time Inc. is controlled by a Texas billionaire, a Texas investment company representing the family of lumber millionaire Arthur Temple, Helene Nutcracker Kosher Food Inc., Manhattan's largest delicatessen supplier, has been taken over by the Bivona Corporation of Houston. Major league sports franchises have been moving south. Toronto is becoming with 20 million people clicking through the gates of the Disney fantasylands in Anaheim, California, and Orlando, Florida. Nashville, Dallas and Miami to Georgia are grabbing more of the entertainment industry.

But it's still Los Angeles that symbolizes the confidence of this new Southwest. L.A. explodes with nervous certainty. Every conversation has an economic group alongside with an official cowboy hat, "big break" which means everything. The airport delivers, one of Hollywood's 10,000 employed actors, strikes up some probing small talk, giving his sincerity a morning workout, just in case his face might have a vague connection with some

obscurer branch of The Industry. "Maclean?" A blank look—then the lag smile. "Oh, yeah. A great lookbook." Then a wary glint the clouds above a pretty Hollywood writer who is receiving a call from a party about his manuscript, the writer spreads his hands in a gesture of triumph, and says: "Fessness? Hell, we're into script!"

It's a vacation entrance lived inside a party culture. Having left high school wealthiness at its heels, in the desert's open space by behind them, the self-styled stars still frequent Schwab's drugstore (where Liza Taylor was discovered in 1933) and parade along Sunset Boulevard, their lip gloss, ray glasses and jet cars at the ready threatening to return at any moment to the Hollywood Boulevard's newsworthy. They follow Ernest Hemingway's dream that whatever makes you feel good is good, viewing the world with a kind of faded Oscar showed and, their eyes uncomprehending and unafraid. Eventually, they return home or become disappointed more sophisticated, seeking business who don't freeze at a case they feature there in sleep. The pricing of an auction usual persons who put the Hollywood deal together parade around a \$500,000 rock hair cut, peasant body stuns and comic books that breed eye rolls on with their pre-faded Pan Am dress. They're constantly on the move, like horses in heat, the blood running through them, taking all the possibilities, including their Oscar acceptance will be in their pockets with the window on Hollywood. When a deal goes hot, they rise a while Rolls-Royce day plan 60 cents a mile.

Sex and religion are both big business. On Sundays, the black-baggage ceremony of freshly baked bread and girls in cross the background as they claim the converts of any show's personality they can convert up right down to Lawrence Welk's drummer. Hollywood's religious advisors "unconditional certain dangers," obscene phone calls from "a genuine real movie girl" and faithful reproduction of sex organs that "play into the eye's lighter of your eye."

People never here, in they do to British Columbia, to devote their past. But they seldom become total Californians. Six thousand corpses are shipped out of the Los Angeles airport every year, listed on airline manifests as bones of an African American for this final journey home. (This doesn't mean that departing Californians don't appreciate great scenery. Nearly all of the 555 people who've jumped off San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge since it was opened in 1936, took the leap from its eastern span. The view is so much better.)

The western leg of the American psyche has been reflected in a withdrawal from the passion diplomacy that has marked U.S. foreign policy since 1968, when President Nixon's doctrine of the



Canada House. A diplomat among whiskies. Smooth. Confident. Worldly. And always in impeccable taste.

CANADIAN DISTILLERS LIMITED

Democratic Republic sold his country to the Americans for \$140,000 and showed it U.S. dollars? For most of the core Southwesterners, America's neo-colonialism of saving the world for democracy—with machine guns, if necessary—has become a much-maligned obsession. (This view of the United States' self-interest was probably seeded some kind of record for Senator Kennedy's Wherry told an election meeting in Nebraska: "With God's help, we will tell Shanghai up and down, over up, until it's the Kansas City.") The American Century, which Henry Louis decided in 1942, lasted less than 30 years, drowning in the blood-soaked jungles of Vietnam, a tiny grainy patch of a country, ultimately less developed than the United States in the time of George Washington, whose "penicillin in black pyjamas" defeated the most powerful military machine ever assembled. The war permanently ended the residual image of America as a nation of frontiers hunting out chewing gum to the kids of liberated countries and the notion that God was the great G.I. on the sky, paving the intercontinent.

More significantly, Vietnam altered the way Americans think about their country. Instead of regarding themselves as guardians of world liberties, most thoughtful Americans have been searching to see how they could build better social justice for their own. Likewise, Canadian road to new their nation in terms of geography is a course against the elements, the cold, the wind, the inhospitable rock—American identity with the great nations spilled out in their nation's founding documents—the Declaration of Independence, the U.S. Constitution and the Bill of Rights. These are the documents that shattered feudal land laws gave the individual the supremacy to pursue his individual happiness and set loose the forces that still prompt every American to export an ever-increasing amount of money, not as a hope but as a right.

These ideas constitute very much more than idle epiphanies in the minds of political writers; they are the essence of modern liberalism. The thought of the American Revolution, it was the reaching for the goals of equality, opportunity and the notion that life is for the living and not a burnt sacrifice to mysticism; toward that prospect 35 million of the world's dispossessed to add push the Senate of liberty and seek a share of the new nation's bounty. "We have it in our power to begin the world again," proclaimed Thomas Paine, the Quaker philosopher. "The masses of America is the most honorable that man ever engaged in." It is a charge that is still being met. The Old World was pushed from their cradle to a conglomerate of ideas that those who stayed home should also have their America.

The newness, desperate to succeed if only because they could cover go home again, turned out into the harsh land, and even if the power of money and status

was asserted itself there was no intended aristocracy, no established church and little control over nature. A man could breathe the same air of self respect. "It was logical that the American place should be considered good," wrote Daniel Boorstin, the historian who now heads the Library of Congress. "Most of the programs came to it motivated by their rejection of the badness of 19th-century life. The heightened optimism of the immigrant was different, it had to be modified into a belief in coming to the New World that the great had made a choice of superior rights. Life in America contrasted to be a discovery, not a filling in of preordained notions. Then Jefferson believed in the

THE 15 FIRM STATES ARE IN EFFECT THE THIRD MOST POWERFUL NATION ON EARTH

sovereignty of each new generation to re-assert itself, that's why the United States is a state of perpetual revolution."

Who will inherit the change of the revolution for the next four years will be decided on November 3. If Jimmy Carter wins, as seems probable, his country of tomorrow will likely be Cynan R. Vance. A Yale law graduate with a wall full of honors, he now heads the New York City Bar Association, is a director of IBM and the New York Times, and (along with Averell Harriman) was chief co-signer of the Paris Peace Conference that ended the Vietnam war. Joining a set of half-million, Red Dreyfus in his left hand, Vance is a liberal vision in his office. He often agrees with a thousand new-fitted alternatives, his assets exactly the right blend of mid-Atlantic bank and West Virginia hero. He looks like the kind of man who is automatically viewed through airport security checks. "Despite the terrible shock of Watergate," he says, "it showed that the basic system could and did work. What we have now is a continuing change of leadership. I don't know Carter, including a large element of the liberal establishment who were involved in government during the Kennedy days, plus the swelling up of populist support in the south."

American Center supporter and unofficial dean of the traditional Eastern liberal Establishment in Ted Sorensen, once Jack Kennedy's chief adviser and after quo. A blacklist, currently self-announced who looks at last of the west about to enter a shareholdership in a man-made, he symbolizes the paradox loss of the New Yorker. His office is crisscrossed with Kennedy memorabilia, including a *Look* cover painting of the Cuban missile crisis. "The anti-liberal side is still viable," he says. "Ted Carter may well be the one who also made it water because Jimmy's come

in without obligations to any segments of the political or economic establishment." In 1968, Sorensen, who is now one of New York's leading lawyers, fired down a congressman with Robert Kennedy's chief adviser by persuading the young Senator to withdraw in the semi-annual election. President Kennedy said the phrase, "It is not my job to simply the leadership of our party, and even our own country, it is our right to the moral leadership of this planet." His conviction haven't changed. "Because I believe in the moral leadership of this planet, I believe in the moral leadership of this planet, I believe in the moral leadership of this planet."

Vance and Sorensen share the events of Watergate but most Americans have assimilated its dark lessons, recognizing that Richard Nixon's rule from power merely vindicated the existence of a free press and the unimpeachability of the judicial system. A similar attitude is visible among the audiences crowding into *All the President's Men*, which have been going, the film making overviews. As seen through Robert Redford and Faye Dunaway, Watergate is turned into a home opera with a message. The Washington Post becomes the cavalry, a metaphor for the good press chasing the wicked Indians. Who will inherit the change of the revolution for the next four years will be decided on November 3. If Jimmy Carter wins, as seems probable, his country of tomorrow will likely be Cynan R. Vance. A Yale law graduate with a wall full of honors, he now heads the New York City Bar Association, is a director of IBM and the New York Times, and (along with Averell Harriman) was chief co-signer of the Paris Peace Conference that ended the Vietnam war. Joining a set of half-million, Red Dreyfus in his left hand, Vance is a liberal vision in his office. He often agrees with a thousand new-fitted alternatives, his assets exactly the right blend of mid-Atlantic bank and West Virginia hero. He looks like the kind of man who is automatically viewed through airport security checks. "Despite the terrible shock of Watergate," he says, "it showed that the basic system could and did work. What we have now is a continuing change of leadership. I don't know Carter, including a large element of the liberal establishment who were involved in government during the Kennedy days, plus the swelling up of populist support in the south."

American Center supporter and unofficial dean of the traditional Eastern liberal Establishment in Ted Sorensen, once Jack Kennedy's chief adviser and after quo. A blacklist, currently self-announced who looks at last of the west about to enter a shareholdership in a man-made, he symbolizes the paradox loss of the New Yorker. His office is crisscrossed with Kennedy memorabilia, including a *Look* cover painting of the Cuban missile crisis. "The anti-liberal side is still viable," he says. "Ted Carter may well be the one who also made it water because Jimmy's come

in without obligations to any segments of the political or economic establishment." In 1968, Sorensen, who is now one of New York's leading lawyers, fired down a congressman with Robert Kennedy's chief adviser by persuading the young Senator to withdraw in the semi-annual election. President Kennedy said the phrase, "It is not my job to simply the leadership of our party, and even our own country, it is our right to the moral leadership of this planet." His conviction haven't changed. "Because I believe in the moral leadership of this planet, I believe in the moral leadership of this planet, I believe in the moral leadership of this planet."

Skyline Hotels... The Canadian Chain people like to come back to.

SKYLINE MONTREAL: 250 rooms, complete dining, bar, lounge, swimming pool, tennis court, parking facilities for up to 400 cars. Live entertainment, indoor pool, and a full-service spa. Located in the heart of downtown Montreal.

SKYLINE TORONTO: 300 comfortable rooms, and full-time dining, a choice of four restaurants, live entertainment, indoor pool, 24-hour shopping concierge, room club, video pool, and more. Located in the heart of downtown Toronto.

SKYLINE OTTAWA: 450 rooms in the heart of downtown Ottawa. Enjoy indoor parking, health club, indoor swimming pool, and more. Located in the heart of downtown Ottawa.

SKYLINE VANCOUVER: 300 comfortable rooms, and full-time dining, a choice of four restaurants, live entertainment, indoor pool, 24-hour shopping concierge, room club, video pool, and more. Located in the heart of downtown Vancouver.

SKYLINE BROCKVILLE: A comfortable 80-room hotel in the heart of Brockville. Great service in the heart of the beautiful Ontario lakes and the crossroads between Ottawa, Toronto and Montreal.

The Canadian Chain's Choice Concierge
SKYLINE
The Hotels people like to come back to.

The right hand of Trudeau

His title is Principal Secretary to the Prime Minister, but Jim Coutts' real job is keeping the Liberals in power

By Robert Lewis



Living in a province dominated by Social Credit and conservatism, Harry Hays was understandably resentful when the Liberals asked him to carry Lester Pearson's standard in the 1963 federal election. The former Calgary mayor had never voted Cdn and before he committed himself he wanted the results of a party poll on his prospects. The findings were depressingly bad (more than 90% opposed) but when Hays called Jim Coutts, Pearson's 24-year-old provincial campaign chairman, and asked, "How does it look?" Coutts detachedly replied, "It looks good, Harry." On that note began Harry Hays's rise, and subsequently became Pearson's minister of agriculture.

Such sagacity in the face of adversity—and in the crisis of Liberalism—is not unusual for Coutts (as in 1963, now 36 and approaching his first anniversary as chief of staff (principal secretary in the formal title) in the Prime Minister's Office or "mac"), as it is known to advisers and decision makers. Every day at 9:15 a.m. Coutts meets with Prime Minister and the powerful secretary to cabinet, Michael Pelfield, to plan the day and, indirectly, much of the nation's future.

Since he joined Trudeau last summer, the Harvard-trained management consultant has had to overcome all the trappings of a long he has owned cheerfully through the party's back room take his last campaign in a 15-year-old wooden house in Montreal, Alberta (60 miles south of Calgary) and, as the sign proclaims, *Home of Canadian's most democratic tradition*. On the chairs that sit on the floor are won or lost before they start. Coutts, as the PM's closest political staff adviser, is an efficient general manager of the "Commander in Chief" the Prime Minister. His old and close friend, Senator Keith Dwyer, has been confirmed as chairman of the next campaign, as per the decision in 1978. And yet, Coutts on the phone and Dwyer in a hotel room, they helped Trudeau fashion his victory in 1974, and Dwyer is always quietly plotting a comeback campaign, creating "a comeback."

Coutts: personal loyalty to Trudeau is secondary; the party always comes first

against young Eric Clark.

Coutts has settled into his job at a time when he could use some of that fine New-Scottish: "Every time they start to do something," says one venerable Liberal, "they have to get the horses out." Trudeau's party is in a somber and frustrated mood, particularly in Ontario where governments need to be made and undone. The conventional wisdom is that if an election were held today a dozen men from Trudeau and his bedrock base would lose their seats. "What really concerns me," says a normally optimistic party official, "is that we've got so many groups mad at us—even immigrants and women who are our traditional supporters." One active Quebec Liberal observes: "On the basis of our record and performance, we should lose the next election." A Quebec MP says of Trudeau, "He has 18 candidates running the same old or he's finished."

Since he left his \$200,000-a-year consulting partnership in Toronto, Coutts has tried, with a shrewd publicist, to make the government responsive to public than to the technocrats, which is run by Pelfield. For instance, when he feared that support was eroding for the Anti-Inflation Board because of its location on main street, he sent a memo indicating that the board was not, and that evening the act was passed and the bill back on the press in Quebec, so that it had off the clock. National News. Since the visit, the act has created out more decisions on prices. Coutts' master general is rooted in his conviction that despite the recent setbacks and blunders that have helped plunge the party into a pessimistic mood, behind the Conservative, Trudeau's leadership depends on the government's ability to show economic leadership. A former adviser to Robert Stanfield says grudgingly of Coutts: "He's got his act together, the grand old man, and even if it works."

Coutts starts with a willing and able post-1980. Pierre Trudeau's leadership is not challenged ("He's so far above everybody else," says an Ontario MP) and he is determined to fight the next campaign ("Just watch out," he says). Recently, the Prime Minister confronted a restless Ontario caucus and asked the MPs to tell him what they had come to Ottawa to accomplish. French Canadian, he asked, had "the act in the belly" about establishing the francophone province, what did the Ontario men want in return for their vote, he demanded, beyond guaranteeing the levers of power? One MP reports that the pitch was not remarkably received. "Some of them think those levers aren't so bad at all."

There are Liberals who whisper in dark bars—talking on anonymity—that Coutts is part of an Ontario power grab now under way in the Liberal party. Says a former Trudeau staffer, "In the early days Quebec took over the mood and shared with the Toronto power brokers. Now the Ontarians are there and it may be so soon to broaden the party's horizons to the

Canadian and settled in the heartland

Still Number One.



Johnnie Walker...so smooth it's the world's largest selling scotch.

you
deserve
a
Dewar's



Dewar's
SCOTCH WHISKY

—the award
winning Scotch

Don't you deserve
the best?

Don't you deserve
a Dewar's?

by broadening the scope of the two job
Special Adviser on Constitutional Issues and
by appealing to loyalty at a time when the
Liberal ship is listing.

Like Courts, O'Hagen is an old pro at re-
orchestrating the news, some reporters say it
can be a pleasure to be misled by him. But
O'Hagen does bring to the job a commitment
to more information and a concern
that Trudeau is partly responsible for his
sour relationship with the Ottawa press
corps. The pay is still out on whether he
can change Trudeau's dealings with re-
porters, but already there are hints of his
promise.

Here, At the opening game of the
Stanley Cup finals at the Montreal Forum,
Trudeau's smiling presence with Mary Jane
and children generated visible, positive
media exposure. In fact, Trudeau's inter-
est in hockey is doubtful once, a week
later, he did not know which team was
about to play the Montreal Canadiens series.
Then, in April, Joe Clark's office an-
nounced that the Tory leader would hold a
press conference at 10 a.m. to announce his
"shadow cabinet." After that announce-
ment, Trudeau's office scheduled a briefing
on portions of the constitution—the
9:30 a.m. the same day.

Courts said, ignored about complaints
that the entire 1974 election campaign was
conducted with similar slickness. He re-
sisted with Trudeau, keeping him away
from reporters and the constitution that
Trudeau seems to stick to in which he
tends to be guided into flamboyant ex-
cesses (such as the "above it" he recently
directed at one reporter who was badger-
ing him in Ottawa).

The test ahead is whether Courts can
persuade Trudeau to temper his short-
hand-the-top style. He seems to sense in-
tuitively that the days of Socratic dia-
logues with Canadians are over. He was
frustrated by the outcry that attended his
"new society" message last year, when
some of his own men, as he put it, "trashed
it." Despite criticism from his audience,
he must be weighing the merits of a return
to his freewheeling form in the near fu-
ture. His next move is the end, to test his
populist instincts over the tactics sug-
gested by the back roomers. "Jim's prob-
lem," a friend once said of Courts, "is how
much should he have." In large mea-
sures, that old developing rule-making will
determine to what extent Trudeau listens
to the ranklings within the party. Since
Courts took over the press, a series of informal
gatherings of Liberals and sympathizers
have been taking place across the
country. The tone reflects the uncertainties
of party regulation under the form of Lib-
eralism and, in their eyes, of the nation. One
participant in a Toronto group was asked
recently if he got involved because he
wanted to help save Trudeau's "new so-
ciety" along constitutional lines. In an apt
reflection of where things seem to stand, he
replied: "I want to find out what the direc-
tion is." ☐

Export, eh?

When you know what you like.

Bulldozers Inc.

For nearly 30 years, every major energy project in this country, from the trans-Canada pipeline to James Bay, has been engineered by a company called Bechtel

Robert Paul is a tall man, grey-haired, balding at a rugged way, broad, but amiable and, occasionally, troubled. This was one of his earliest memories. Looking out the window of his sleek new office 16 floors above Bloor Street in Toronto, he dreamed thoughtfully on the eve of his class, closed his throat and spoke hesitantly: "You wonder if some of the things being built that are so big are necessary. Sometimes you wonder." He paused again. "I'm glad we talked about this. This is the first time I've ever talked about this."

Bob Paul is the president of Canadian Bechtel Limited, subsidiary of the giant Bechtel Corporation of San Francisco. His company is finishing up the \$200 million Moosehorn-Alberta pipeline while managing work on the two-billion-dollar Sarnia project in Alberta and the \$14-billion (to date) James Bay Hydro project in Quebec. Bechtel has been on the building of virtually every major pipeline in Canada since 1949. It helped build the one to Boreas in the Chukchi Sea. Its hydro scheme would have managed giant projects from coast to coast, including pulp mills, iron-ore mines, oil refineries, copper mills and nickel smelters. The American parent corporation, through its parent of 60 years, has done billion-dollar construction and engineering contracts around the world. Every hour of every day a Bechtel company somewhere is designing a tower, installing a dam, digging out a mine, laying down a pipeline or otherwise conquering the earth's surface.

Paul is the second Bechtel employee I know of in the company's 50-year history to voice—however politely—some doubt about whether all this appears, anyway, necessary, digging and laying in building is better world. The first Bruce Withson, now at president of Canadian Bechtel in 1970 on environmental grounds. "I resigned partly out of frustration at the lack of Canadian control of projects built in this country. One of the things that bothered me was that in certain areas of technical expertise foreign-owned engineering companies predominated. Some of Bechtel's clients were to a certain degree interested in the further expansion of Canada's resources. It was concerned that Canada

didn't have sufficient means to justify doing further exports. The power of U.S. controlled corporations to obtain government approvals was very influential and I didn't want to go along with this. I found conflict between my duties as an officer of Bechtel and my feeling as a Canadian nationalist." He also said, "Bechtel worked within the rules of the game, but the game was not in Canada's long-term best interests." Paul doesn't agree. He thinks Sarnia and James Bay, for example, are "absolutely essential" for Canada's future energy needs. But after 22 years with Bechtel he is open, for the first time, to a suggestion that not everything big is good, that not every billion-dollar construction job brings happiness to its writer. The seventh year of his belief is negotiating to begin to develop some workable

There are many troubling questions about Canadian Bechtel and its sprawling, thriving, potent company. There is the philosophical question: Are all these giant projects necessary? There is the economic question: Why should the Canadian company do the job, if the job must be done? There is the business question: What kind of company is Bechtel, anyway? Its actions affect every one of us; they help to determine the taxes we pay, the resources we use, the kind of world we live in. It is a company worth knowing.

The world headquarters of Bechtel Corporation, 50 Bevin Street, at the heart of San Francisco's financial district, across the street corner at what is probably the largest construction company on earth (No one keeps worldwide figures on construction firms, but Bechtel has headed the list of contracts recorded by dollar volume in *Engineering News-Record* magazine for five of the past 13 years.) The company is working today at more than 400 "major" projects—major means over \$25 million, in fact many are over one billion dollars—a score of nations, from an ivory pipeline at Tanzania to a gas-bio plant in Minnesota, from a copper complex in South Africa to a nuclear power plant in India, from the one Woodbridge, Ontario to an oil pipeline linking northern Italy to Western Europe. The company was founded in 1898 by William A. Bechtel, a

By Walter Stewart

selfish builder, expanded by his son, Stephen D., who helped build the Hoover Dam and got into refinery construction, and expanded still further by his son, Stephen D. Jr., the current chairman. The firm is privately owned, secretive—you can't just pass the lobby entrance of the 23-story headquarters without a clearance and a badge—and highly political. Bechtel doesn't like it. A company official told *Newsweek*: "We are not political. Sometimes I think we are political unconsciously." But the company's roster includes two former cabinet members, it played a major role in the June 8 California primary helping to defeat a proposition calling for a moratorium on nuclear plants, and it has mounted two other lobbies, one to push a coal pipeline, another to gain off a lawsuit contest to build a uranium enrichment plant, as legislation came before Congress. Competent or not, Bechtel is in politics up to its well-padded lips.

In fact, Bechtel is a giant, aggressive, private enterprise with an enormous public and private and a mixed reputation. Its activities in Canada, where so much of private has kept it largely from public scrutiny, are hardly an exception of its behavior elsewhere. An examination of five Bechtel projects casts some light on how the company operates.

A Slight Case of Strychnine

Bechtel was building a 390-mile oil pipeline for Colonial Pipeline Company in New Jersey when the project hit a snag. This has been banded for a tank farm at Woodbridge, N.J., and two members of the Woodbridge Council demanded a \$50,000 bid in return for building gas in Colonial—a contractor of all companies—put the bid through a local construction company. Took the two men demanded another \$100,000—later bargained down to \$60,000—for taxpayers to let the pipeline cross (owned land). The construction company couldn't carry any more business in Bechtel,

ENDING A SONG OF SYMPHONY: The Sarnia project plan to sell land adjacent to the water here has been criticized as being anti-environmentally sound. Bechtel is not the first to build the plant because of the tank farm.



MORE THAN 100,000 GALLONS OF OIL: Bechtel developed a company in preparing to build, own and operate a uranium enrichment plant at Decher, Alabama. It would cost \$2.7 billion, but the company's work would be negligible. Bechtel is not building.



PRELUDE TO CONFLICT: A Bechtel subsidiary wanted to build a \$700-million coal slurry pipeline. There were promises, but Bechtel's client, the U.S. government, and an American study plan dispatched by a private coal slurry pipeline

THE BATTLE OF JAMES BAY: The James Bay power project, which would cost between \$14 billion and \$20 billion, may not benefit Quebec, but it will certainly make money for Bechtel, which has both owned of the project and a big piece of the action.



Fort McMurray, Alberta

James Bay

Woodbridge, New Jersey

Decher, Alabama

A SLIGHT CASE OF STRYCHNINE: In New Jersey a number of politicians demanded to know the way for a \$500-million pipeline. The bid was paid, and Bechtel was awarded the contract and construction. Money was paid for the project.



proportional support, including Syverson, Reichert and Premier Peter Lougheed of Alberta, argue that the ecology is the presumed solution, that the economic return will be great and that there really is no alternative. "We have to have oil, guys, we have to have Syverson if for no other reason," as Lougheed said last year. "Then to keep the oil industry open, guys? But do we have to have Syverson? Lougheed is not so sure. "I worry a good deal about that," he said. "When we took oil out, Syverson was already truly a dead animal." I happen think that when you get to a dead plant you won't be able to get it back. And the only people who can, I think it is, the Indians. We're told you've got to leave them because nobody else has ever done it. Well, that can go for forever."

The story of Synchrade is that the basic technology for tar sands exploration was developed in the 1930s by the Alberta Research Council, and after long, complex and sometimes acrimonious dealings, landed in the hands of foreign oil companies. Some of Buchart's expertise is a Canadian export, now re-imported for handsome

More Than 10,000 Gate Enriched.



Acidic-powered electrical plants has led to an effort for expansion of U.S. uranium enrichment capacity. To date, the staff has been reproduced in three government plants in Tennessee, Ohio and Kentucky, and plants were driven up to expand the staff plants at a cost of \$2 billion. In recent, the first new pending before Congress is to build a new facility. The new plant will be built at Dresden, Alabama, was recently the same projects in the proposed addition, but coming \$2.7 billion (or another three billion dollars for generating plants and other facilities). It will be built and owned by a company created by Bechtel Uranium Enrichment Associates (Coul-year Time and Williams Companies in the two nearest).

Under the USA proposal, which depends on passage of the Nuclear Fuel Assurance Act, the federal government would take over its assistance in development technology to USA, supply essential components, oversee construction of the Deimos plant, guarantee loans whose security guarantee the process, and provide certified contracts for USA's use in case there is any delay in plant start-up. The government would also agree to buy from USA and cut back on new contracts to assure the USA market. The price would include a guaranteed return of 15% on USA equity investment and just to be safe, USA would make the government

buy back the plant during the first year after start-up if it won't working out. The government, in turn, could lease the plant for "gross management, without ownership or pre-assignment" on the firm's part, but since the government is to guarantee both plant and process it is hard to see how this applies.

The Energy Resources Development Administration and the General Accounting Office (the accounting arm of Congress) both vigorously opposed the title, but after a private meeting between the two government officials and U.S. management last May, they found the company deal, slightly modified, acceptable after all. However, before the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy knew the details of the deal, it took an inordinately long time to get the administration to commit (opposed). An AEA official said, "The government believed there's a private company deal, but money would not have to come out of the budget, it would help to meet the budget cutback." But the same deal would be achieved by financing the plant through government-issued bonds.

School's Washington offices think the company increased its Washington muscle when it hired five high executives from government jobs, including two former members of the cabinet and the former general manager of the Atomic Energy Commission. The company says these men don't even work on projects that bring them into contact with their old Washington buddies. That's changed, it insists. Berchel says, to bring free enterprise and competition into the atomic business.

[illegible]

Applique la Confiance



On July 26, 1973, Bechtel incorporated a subsidiary, Energy Transportation Systems Inc. (ETSI) to build a \$750-million coal slurry pipeline to carry coal 1,036 miles from Campbell County, Wyoming, to a coal-fired generating plant under construction at White Sulphur, Arkansas. A lobby

was launched to get legislation permitting the pipeline to cross the right-of-way of EPA's rivals, the railroad companies.

The next day, July 27, Bushnell approached the Office of Cost Research and suggested that the government should do a study on the most economic way to transport coal over long distances. The study was approved. Bushnell got the contract to perform it, and was paid \$413,200 for the work. It showed that a coal slurry pipeline was cheaper than rail to transport. The government didn't know about Bushnell's contract in 1974 at the time.

In the spring of 1975, a study by the University of Illinois, funded by the National Science Foundation (the one only cost \$100,000) concluded that "where neither is clearly available, the residential transportation mode is only one-half that of a new city carpool." Richard A. Muldermont, a Washington lawyer, wrote to the same foundation on behalf of its critics, attacking the study and demanding a disclaimer on the cover page of the report. Such a disclaimer was inserted, although the foundation and Muldermont both deny it resulted from his intervention. The *Blacks* group was denied a grant for further work, and the report was held back from publication.

Finally, the Senate Subcommittee on Energy Research and Water Resources conducted a hearing on the first committee, and committee chairman Senator James Inhofe asked the question in bluntly Tennessean fashion: "Does the presence of the interior of a company that is seeking government approval and government incentives, is right-of-way permits and road, if they are doing a study on whether or not pipelines are the better way to transport oil, is it not a conflict of interest, then, to have a company doing that study of mine when we pipeline company that want to transport oil by pipeline?"

"If you cannot see it," commanded aboutnik, "somebody else is going to have to see it."

However, the communist came so as and names. Beckel says it was never in a conflict of interest, and puts all the focus on "the railway industry," which actually opposed the further development of coal-mining transportation just as they've opposed changes and competition over the years. "Beckel is on the pipeline it was built by 1935, not Beckel, and the study was done by Beckel, not 1935. The thing and the fact that the study came up with the right answer are just coincidences. Lobbying from Beckel's and Burlington employees, or their relatives, must also have

I work both in the west and in Washington. Each side accuses the other of mounting facts and rousing up the public interest. It should be quite a useful, but anybody who thinks Bushcraft is likely to tell them involving corporate scandal or political pull hasn't been paying attention. ☺

The World

The 'Beloved Country' again sheds its tears—and its blood

by begun earlier by a boycott of schools led by the black community of Soweto, 12 miles from Johannesburg. Young black students had been protesting since 1976 against the harsh, the 17th-century Dutch imposed on the poor settlers as a language of discrimination at their schools. The boycott led to the deaths of 56 students in the township of Sharpeville. In one particular school, students on the Pretoria Janse van Rensburg, attended on the Pretoria Janse van Rensburg. They were sent to a school at 200 around South African police. Without an order to disperse, they were sent to a school at 200 around the crowd. The students began to throw rocks. The police drew their revolvers. They were running away on the heads of the crowd. By the end of the day, an estimated 22 people were dead and more than 220 injured, most of them black. By week's end, the police were running away after black nurses and in the suburbs. By the end of the week, there were nearly 100 dead and 1,000 injured. For South Africa's 4.3 million black people, the day was a day of mourning. The day was a day of mourning.

To usay white, the roting creak in a stuch. It was the worst outbreak of black-white violence in South Africa, which has 18 million blacks, since 1960 when police killed 77 in the 1961-62 riots. In the case of the 1976-77 riots, the only difference was that apartheid, the language of racism between whites, the language of protest, at first languished, to its master. But Afrikaans at the protected language of the Nationalist Party which has ruled South Africa since 1948. Afrikaans, it is the language of oppression, of the boot and the police state. In 1974, school children in southern Transvaal ordered that English and Afrikaans were to be used equally in black junior high schools. Privately, they were told that they were protesting that they were forced to use Afrikaans as a medium of instruction while when it was not only so and their language. In Soweto, it is twining black towns of one million people, the police shot and killed 17. The first day of deep mourning was in the school when two twenty police came to question a pupil. The police car was tossed and a policeman killed the school. Consequently, police seemed to ignore the riots. The police were prepared for the north of Africa.

The rioting spread from the school grounds to the commercial sections of the township. Whims were looted and burned. More students were shot and cars were set afire. Police helicopters were called in to battle mobs which had seized local police stations. One of the first to die



Black students rampaging in Johannesburg: the beginning, finally, of the end?

once white settler officials came to Dr. Melville Edwards. Ironically, Edwards had discovered the unfairness of forcing blacks to learn their letters in Africans in his book "How Do Young Africans Think?" Public spokesmen at first held the deed as only one, perhaps in the attempt to stave off a riot. But the incident was a turning point. From then on, the burning of schools, churches, and homes by the second day of killing, the canyons of the mobs designed, swarms of looting (townships gangster) took the lead in a rampage on officers and stations in the townships. Because of the sequestered places, most of the physical damage was done to black churches, dance halls and stores. Whites were a particular target, but not the police. The police were spared from mobbing black Africans, but were killed from mobbing white Africans. The next day, rioting had spread to seven black townships and had broken out at the University of Witwatersrand in Johannesburg.

Initially reacting from the suddenness of the violence, the government of Prime Minister John Vorster responded characteristically. The country was under the authority of the Rikswet Aansienlik Act which include one public embassies, and

ports events. Vorster went on national television, warning in constant order at his recent court and giving police the authority to use every available means. He said the Soweto riots were not a spontaneous outburst but "a deliberate conspiracy to bring about a polarisation between Blacks and Whites, to create a climate of fear, and to test the ability of Vorster's police to control them. It led up to Johannesburg car shops to buy arms. The next move is an attack on embassies there for the Vorster regime. Just two weeks before the Prime Minister was to hold talks with U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger in West Germany in Washington, Kissinger met the deposed South African president and said I would not return home until I saw U.S. approval to Vorster's continued involvement, as evidenced as a method of government.

Whether Vassar, under pressure from Washington and her own white majority, lent from the Soweto riots is open to question. More than a year ago he asked for six months to show the world that South Africa was intent on change. The language used was a first fresh point but that lack of conviction was evident. If the com-

With a little help from
his good friendly God

In almost everything he do with Field Marshal Idi Amin Dada, president of Uganda, the British did not have a first appealable be. Even when it comes to an attempt on his life. About this month a assassin (sic) [sic] his much known while driving away from a police graduation parade in Kampala. Amin and his driver were attacked by a group of men who surged through the crowd and lobbed three grenades at his jeep. The driver died in hospital. Amin was checked by doctors and found to be unharmed, and about 40 people in the crowd were injured by the flying shrapnel.

An internal debate began to filter out of the capital confusion about the attack on Amman. At first it was reported that members of Amman's death prompted statesmen to call for a ceasefire. But the report quickly was dismissed as a "rumor spread by political and ecclesiastical leaders" by police. One Ugeudani who was there at the time said he had seen the Kamale mosque being "filled to capacity with about 100 bodies." Then Amal snatched the whole affair from the headlines. The police's official allegation had been embraced by the Central Intelligence Agency. "The CIA made arrangements to kill Castro, but they failed," said the man, "he said I discovered that they made arrangements for the CIA to kill Castro, but they failed. I benefited so that the army and the police were then placed in the police and were then out. Why the CIA would go to so much trouble, he did not say. Conflicting

universal language ruling is not relaxed, movements will lessen. Without a change of will by the government, violence will flare up again. Vawter himself underlined the need for change when he told his people that without it "the possibilities are too chaotic to be contained etc."

MARSHALL, LEE / CHILD WITNESS

PORTUGAL

Oh, for a break in the action

Jose Antonio Silva has a problem that's not unusual in Portugal these days. As president of a large mechanical engineering and construction company in Lisbon, he has to attract 13 new hires each year (about \$390,000) a month or new business just to meet his cash flow needs. The trouble is, for the past two years, since the revolution, he has had to pay his employees 10% more to do 10 or 15% more work. "Unfortunately," laments Silva on his desk, "I'll get around it." His idea is by withholding his employees' social security taxes to the state and by refusing to repay the principal on any loans from state-owned banks. They can't take me down and throw all these people out of work," he reasons. "And by the time stability is restored inflation will allow me to pay back the 1974 dollars in considerably smaller amounts."



André's tendency to be fairly when cited

The state radio added appropriate tones of theatricality to the episode, playing up the heroism of Aron's role.

People thought the president had been killed and when they saw his jeep still moving, they thought I was driving by itself. Armin himself said he had been spared by God, with whom he affects to have an intimate, day-to-day relationship. In fact, his life was probably saved by a

This attitude of marking time is common in Portugal today as the nation awaits the outcome of the presidential election on June 27. Elections for the Legislative Assembly earlier this year were anything but decisive. In a field cluttered by 54 political parties (eight to the left of the official Communist party), the results were 25% for the So-

...with the Far Left (19.0, 24.5 for the Popular Democratic Party (pro), 8.0% for the Central Social Democratic Party (CSDP) and 14.5% for the Communists (PC). With such a fragmented and popular assembly and with the socialists refusing to form a coalition with any of the other major parties, the main hope for stability lies in the election of a strong president. "We need leadership," says Acevedo y Soto. "For two years we have been trying to accommodate ourselves to a democracy in which we have had no experience. We quite simply need a government which will give us stability."

The race is among four main contenders: General Antonio Carnevali, 61, the newly Armed Forces Chief; Admiral Jose Pinheiro de Azevedo, the current minister of Defense; Major Otilio Santana de Carvalho, former head of the military security organization known as Caposol; and Oliveira Paes, number two man in the Communist Party. General Francisco Costa Gomes, the Portuguese

reins confidence. The driver, who usually wears civilian clothes, was dressed in a military uniform. The available information suggests that because of this, in the hazy light of the late afternoon, the attackers mistook the driver for Amin and aimed their grenades at the wrong man.

In the aftermath of the assassination attempt, there were dire warnings of disaster should the same thing happen again. At a military luncheon in the dead bodyguard, Defense Minister Major General Ibrahim Mustaki warned that "Ugandans should be thankful to Marshal Amis that he had ordered the soldiers not to do anything." Any further assassination attempts would be an invitation to the army to "teach the country a lesson it would never forget." Then, the people will know what a military government is really like.

For all his threatening gestures, it does appear that the reaction of Amin and his regime has been restrained. Over the past year, while acting as chairman all the Organization of African Unity, Amin has tried to put forward an image of a world statesman to counter the universal perception of him as a lunatic running around with a bottle in a Panamanian perfume. He has travelled widely, addressed the UN General Assembly, met world leaders and has even held in audience with the Pope. This month in Malawi, Amin will give the opening address of the 10th summit of the organization in the aftermath of the attempt on his life. Near or staged as it may be, indication that he doesn't want to become the second as an African statesman of madness and dictatorship.

equivalent to Hubert Humphrey, who has served under almost every regime since the death of Salazar, is running as an anti-establishment candidate, proudly embracing the reluctance to make a decision that has become his trademark. "Many times in the past Portugal has come to the brink of civil war," he says, "and it is thanks only to my endurance that this tragedy has been averted."

The committee considered the frost-bitten ex-General Enxet, who has won much approval for his candour from both the left and right parties. A lean, dear veteran of the colonial wars in Angola and Mozambique, Enxet was a natural stricken man: year after year, virtually single-handed, he restored discipline to Portugal's disorganised armed forces. Enxet's strongest rival is Aurelio, who was appointed to the Premier's post last year. Although Aurelio does not have the official backing of any of the major parties he has the solid support of opinion groups in the urban and

The election could well become a turning point in Portugal's economic recovery. Currently unemployment has edged above 30% and the country is running a two-billion-dollar annual trade deficit. Its gold reserves, which last year stood at \$6.2 billion and were ranked eighth lowest in the



Portuguese Socialist leaders Eusebio Cardozo, Soares do Amaral

world, are still but exhausted. And for the estimated 400,000 Portuguese who fled to such countries as Brazil following the revolution, the election of a strong president may have a more emotional impact. Last year the saying went "In Portugal the capital is in Lisbon, the government is in Moscow, the money is in Switzerland and the people are in Brazil." Following the election, the people may come home again.

NAME: TERENCE HELLGREN

TERENCE BELFORD

THE LIR

Mail to the nearest farmer

After four months of 30 grating pilgrimages, hundreds of repentant apostates and thousands of ardent campaign sales, former Georgia governor Jimmy Carter spent the days before the Democratic National Convention behaving more like a President-elect than a candidate-in-waiting. The Carter bandwagons poured long enough to take an such late Southern luminaries as George Wallace.

former primary opponent Senator Henry Jackson and Congresswoman Max Baucus and party gadabout Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago. With the 1,928 delegate votes locked up for a first ballot victory in New York, Carter advisers were turning their attention to the fall campaign against a former President Gerald Ford or former California governor Ronald Reagan, Carter himself, looking at the winning strategies of convention victory, studied as 30-page pamphlet and called *The Presidency—The Task Ahead* and sent his mind forward to the choice of a vice-presidential running mate.

The 55-year-old peasant farmer from Hines, Ga., had every reason to be relaxed: In less than three years, Carter has captured all of the diverse, representative factions of the old Roosevelt coalition within the Democratic Party—the poor, the blacks, the industrial elites of the north, the

labor and the religious minorities. He defeated 12 official candidates in the primaries and scuttled a nascent Stop Carter movement, which, for a time, drew in the ubiquitous, wheezing specter of former vice-president Hubert H. Humphrey. For the first time since 1964, the party seemed united behind a candidate and a platform which, combined with simple, dissonant, authentic, almost assured a Democratic victory in November. According to the

Carter's upcoming march to the nomination has pulled the party along in its wake. Helplessly divided between the old guard party members and the McGovernites of 1972, the party has been



'CAN YOU HELP MR. CARTER, DOC?
HIS CARLE IS STUCK. . .'

merged out a 2005 platform that all but eliminated old anamniotes. Various factions have found agreement on such previously divisive topics as abortion, amnesty, forced busing, civil rights and health insurance.

The problem facing party leaders now is keeping delegates and the nation awake during the New York convention in mid-July. With only weeks' opportunity to make California the Governor Jerry Brown's last state, delegates will have to focus on the second step of nomination. Carter has given no hint of his personal preference but the list of possibilities reads like a Senate or House of Representatives roll call. Senators William Mandel of Idaho and John Chafee of Rhode Island, House Speaker Carl Albert of Montana, and House Minority Leader Charles Stenholm of Oklahoma are among the possible. President Ronald Reagan has been named as the favorite of Watergate-battering fans. One of Carter's major concerns is that the second man be capable of serving as President, resolving the debacle of 1972 when the Democrats nominated Tom Eagleton, thrust to center of a history of emotional disorders, and the Republican, Spiro Agnew, turned out to be a thief.

Center in thinking a lot about his Presidency. In looking at the record closely with respect, he talks quietly about his hopes, his background, his religion and his view of the White House. There will be no "100 days" of achievement in his administration, he says, but rather a sober assessment of promises and hard work to find solutions. "This country is resilient. We can start again," he says quietly. "I would like to be a great President" and does acknowledge the traditional awe of the office held by most candidates. "The President doesn't frighten me but it's a sobering thought," he says. "I don't think I'm going to be the White House and the President in 10 or 15 years. I feel inadequate. When I compare myself to other people who might be there instead of me, I feel inadequate." www.nytimes.com

Business

Alberta and Dr. Alard, a marriage obviously made in heaven

The 21-year-old Northgate building was once the skyscraper star of Edmonton's Rupert Avenue. But now, Alberta has transformed itself into the province that has it all and the seven-story office tower has almost no rivals. No one in Dr. Charles Alard's network that Allarco Developments Ltd. has ever added to its growing network of interests. He noticed because he owned the building since he built it. In fact, launching a business career that catapulted him to the presidency of a \$100-million company which last year earned \$3,367,000 from a variety of operations ranging from Pierre Vallée's real estate to Medicine Hat steelhead.

"It seems to me it was just yesterday we built it," he says of the tower that almost accidentally turned a narrow one on entrepreneurship. In 1969, he arrived back in Edmonton after 10 years of medical schooling. The city was looking for the first of two models of depression and Alard and Alard decided to place in being his own. He made his own space, on a Jasper Avenue lot acquired from his mother, who doubled in real estate. His first was the pre-war Alberta oil fields now show the province and Alard into prosperity.

That sense of energy runs through all of Alard's enterprises. "Sometimes it's better to be lucky than to think you're smart," he says. As luck would have it, Alard's friends have, since they started, showed him to be precisely the right direction. It was Zane Fildes, now mostly Alard's vice-president, who talked Alard into turning a



Methanol plant in Medicine Hat, partly owned by Allarco, every little bit counts

recent lot into a steel-on lot in 1965. Last year, Alard's investment drove what now includes the largest Chrysler dealership in Canada, recorded sales of \$39,665,000. More recently, an Allarco division now, got Alard interested in restaurants, a division that last year earned Allarco \$1,121,000 profit on sales of \$4,621,000. Alard's luck hasn't always been. International Air has had nothing but trouble flying since Alard bought it nine years ago, and his beloved Oilers, the World Hockey Association team in which he has a private 25% interest, have been down in the tank and on the ice. (They were Fildes' suggestion too.) But it has worked often enough for him to put to-

gether an empire that stretches far beyond one of his businesses. "It's to be where it's at."

Allarco seems to have covered the where-of-it's-at market. As the provincial government builds Alberta toward a secondary petrochemical industry, Allarco has a lot of interest with Alberta Gas Truck Line Company Ltd. (an Alberta Gas Chemicals Ltd. Canada's partner in the province's first methanol plant. The company is now involved, and generally making a profit, in Seaboard Life Insurance (65% interest), North West Trust (45%), television, printing, construction, aviation, restaurants, hotels, automobiles, entertainment productions and real estate. Al-

lard's development plan is a lucrative one such as Las Vegas, in restaurants has been mentioned in *Where To Eat In Canada*, its nightclubs are the current in place for owners. If you're going to own a hotel, or a casino place to have it in the oil sands town of Fort McMurray where businessmen often have to back on lobby floors. Alard owns the biggest hotel in town if you're going to market an account. The Yuk-Al, a Seaboard medium size jet, has potential. So too, Alard, a joint venture between the Seaboard and Allarco, has just acquired the rights.

The total last year was sales of \$62,993,000 or \$2.30 per share, up from \$1.08 last year and up 500% increase over the 40 years of eight years ago. But the sales figures are actually down to \$10 million because Allarco doesn't include revenues from Seaboard Life, North West Trust and Alberta Gas Chemicals, although their \$1 million profit is included in last year's account.

"The company is just everywhere and everything is pretty damn big," says a Vancouver analyst. "Scandalous sales comes up every time you look. The last time I looked, I discovered they had land on Mountie Mountain. It's amazing." He acknowledges as never better than this year, with earnings on the \$3.50 to five dollar bracket, a production reported by first quarter profits. But Alard, he says, is not yet satisfied by the Vancouver financial community. "We think it's a little bit for me for me. But who gets a trader's case when a stock is only two or three times its projected earnings?" (Allarco stock is trading in the \$17 to \$18 range.)

The key to Allarco's current success is the \$30 million methanol plant sprawling over 330 acres on the northwest boundary of Medicine Hat. It went on stream early in 1975, producing a daily 600 tons of methanol, an important chemical building block of the plastics and other. A second \$20 million plant is now in the start-up phase and Allarco has applied for permission to go ahead with two more 330-acre plants. The first two of all four would represent 75% of total Canadian methanol production. But another western analyst says Allarco "can talk talky" with its first methanol plant. When construction began, an Alard was selling at 30 cents a gallon and there was no reason at all to build a plant except for the cheap feedstock. "But prices skyrocketed by the time the plant went into production—methanol sells for as much as 44 cents a gallon now. I wonder if selling another two plants is worth the money." It would be premature, where the market is absorbing it. Allarco certainly hasn't the growth rate so doesn't so alternative but to export. Unless they get a lot of U.S. markets opened up, their danger is being sold.

He is even more adamant about Alberta Gas Chemical's plan to forge ahead on its own, another basic chemical that was



BBO Building, Brussels: for a little thicker and minerals, Canada's very Germany

up in a wide array of plastic from telephones to furniture. "The whole business is shaped. There is no way we can use that amount of business as Canada."

If the analysis doesn't agree with Alard's long-range plans, so one facts correct. On whether the Alard do about petrochemicals, they're not going to manage it this year and Allarco, with two methanol plants operating, has the same road there. Alard's main loss last year, Edmonton's city sales, is expected to solve start-up problems this year. Analysts are also satisfied with plan for reducing operations of international oil, which is one point as a corporate history had difficulty selling. "I expect the oil to be second when they were coming back."

Shaky hands across the sea

The most common people who would not accompany the signing of the "framework agreement" between Canada and the European Community, currently awaiting only formal approval this month from the cabinet in Ottawa and a council of European ministers in Brussels. It is the culmination of four years' negotiation as much of Peter Trudeau's "constructive link," but Ottawa's motive in seeking the agreement is essentially political. Although the European Community is one of the world's largest trading blocs—with 260 million people, it's bigger than the Canadian state—it absorbed only 12% of Canada's exports in 1975, despite the inclusion of Britain. Increasing exports to the EC, it is argued, would lessen the economic dependence on the United States, which accounted for 65% of our exports.

This aim—"the third option"—had been outlined in a 1972 position paper by the then current prime minister, Mitchell Sharp. During 1974-5, Trudeau's government did not make Common Market members (Belgium, Denmark, France, Ireland, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, the

United Kingdom, West Germany). Serious negotiation began on March 11 of this year between a Canadian team headed by Michel Chapey and a European Community team headed by a British official, Lord Jellicoe. The agreement was finalized on April 2.

The framework agreement apparently consists of four sections. There is a confirmation that Canada will respectively lower tariffs with each EC country under GATT's most-favored-nation procedure. There are statements in favor of increased trade and of cooperation in the resource field, such as agricultural ventures. And there is to be a Joint Co-operation Committee, meeting once a year, with representatives most frequently. (The community has already signed a permanent representative in Ottawa, pending the Canadian mission in Brussels.) However, the Europeans regard the agreement as being actually devoid of political content, because they are unwilling to jeopardize their own relations with the United States. It is in fact largely a product of gestures within the community, produced by the desire of the Brussels bureaucracy to strengthen symbolically its position in relation to the largest common market disappointed by the European Community's inactivity to open Canada as a source of raw materials, and to give countries to market directly to the world market. Already, at the beginning, we were studying the forest products, forest mills and mineral resources.

Further, Ottawa has to reduce with economic reality, in the shape of processing and transportation costs, and the enormous reluctance of Canadian businessmen to be impressed by political enthusiasm. "We are not going to fundamentally alter our market structure," Noranda Mines president Al Fildes said the Globe and Mail recently. "The United States will always be our best customer and we would probably be a lot better off if we concentrated more of our efforts there."

The physician who well-healed himself

Until three years ago, Alard was only a hobby for Charles Alard, 56. He says he was working 50 hours a week as chief of surgery at Edmonton General Hospital. "I always felt like I did in the hospital was the important thing," and running the company in his spare time. His capacity for work is legend, although he is now retired from medicine. He still frequently works a seven-day week and holds director meetings of his Seaboard Life Insurance Co. on Saturdays to fit his busy schedule. He has also developed a new hobby, 1,000-yard cycling at Leduc, although he claims to know little about farming and dismisses the prize his Muray Grey was at last year's Denver show on the grounds there are many of the Australian imports to compete against in North America.

His companies, he says, are "like girls."

When he is resigned to the fact that he is going to get old. "Although he is a doctor, he is a man who has the rules with an iron hand, otherwise you get all kinds of diseases and upturning. Alard likes to avoid publicity. "I tried not to do of those people who are always selling their name in the papers. "His only regular visitors, Alard's vice-president Arthur Smith, married an executive magazine profile which "burnt" him. But the 1971 piece was unimpressive, and back in 1967 Alard was launching a defamation suit against the doc.

A widow asked to marry for the first time Alard lived with a daughter in Edmonton. He has six children—of whom one son is an Allarco vice-president. His company's interests now extend to many countries, but Alard is wedded to his home base in Edmonton. "I don't travel easily," he says.



Alard is not an iron hand, a steady eye

Since Canadian business feels hurt and angry, why is it smiling instead of screaming?

Business column by Peter Brimelow



Brimelow addressing the CMA, including Corrigan (left), Sweetness and Light.

No one approached Peter Brimelow in smiling family, he was applauded through deafening crowds as the Canadian Manufacturers' Association's annual general meeting in Ottawa earlier this month. The meeting's co-president, Alcoa Canada Products Ltd.'s Harold Corrigan, found himself alone at the Prime Minister's elbow, chatting with the formal politeness of a head waiter.

Canada's businessmen suspect rank look their backgrounds and everyday lives have unfolded them with a rigid sense of authority. It would have been unthinkable for them not to rise to applause as the p.m. in a light beige suit, draped onto the room like a piece, or to have focused with anything other than tight attention as he flubbed the definition of the "Phillips curve" (the unemployment/inflation trade-off) and add data casually that while he didn't have any "sugar and spice developed message" they could expect no simple from controls. It is mainly these sense of place and propriety and their exaggerated political inhibitions that have prevented the 3,000-member CMA from spurring with the Canadian Labour Congress in opposing controls publicly. Instead, they hoped to retain some moderating influence. It is also the reason they now find their consciences revivified by hearing the recent bludgeoning of the profits they are to be allowed—ending there. The only sector of the economy that is actually facing income reduction.

Democratic politicians respond only to pressure. If a problem isn't lacking them in the news, it doesn't exist. Fortunately, the CMA's public relations efforts are highly professional, never forgetting a reporter's first name or missing a press release. But intelligently, dominated by businessmen in whom quiet can pass as a way of life, it has been happily so. While Corrigan, an ex-adviser of Churchill, of misplaced moderation before the rise of the reform movement, emphasized that the principle of redistribution of income was not being questioned, Welfare Minister Marc Lalonde's disavowal of dropping further efforts to a fingered grip. He knew that any establishment opposition could not only be on details and easily dismantled. Unlike their appearance-ended leaders, some of the CMA's rank and file would have been quite delighted to find political opponents in their quest for income redistribution and much else besides. Their mood was black. Little perspective disaster, they are not coming with distress and some indignation that Canada's social and economic benefits is changing. But they're leading disaster of armies themselves. I asked Donald McDonald how I could possibly invest in Canada to my U.S. peers when profits are restricted here and they aren't down there, "confused" as chief executive Frank from carrying the business message. "He said he didn't know." He knewed indeed. Many face the same problem. And this progressive delusion.

of Canada's industrial base has nothing to do with U.S. controls.

Canadian-made companies such as Northern Electric are increasingly switching to plants in the United States, where wages are often lower and profits free to rise with increased efforts. Since 1973, there has been some Canadian direct investment going abroad, but this is in investment terms. The government can do little to stop this outflow without shattering its own long-term commitment to world trade liberalization. Even if it did, there would be little satisfaction in industry unless returns were higher than on bonds. But none of that seems to alarm the politicians, as they demonstrate by cheerfully promoting more from the solid questions of the CMA leaders. Not just an coming restriction, but in the long run, inflation accounting, the accuracy of government expenditure programs, productivity trends and virtually every other issue they see as pressing reason for change. There are, after all, no more in the world's face the case leadership is chosen by its electorate and probably its system of remuneration and rotation, it is unlikely that grass roots discontent is about to blossom suddenly in the top.

But the CMA leadership is not wholly to blame. There members have little cooperative spirit. Men who spend their day-to-day lives beating each other over the head in the marketplace are not disposed to solidarity, even if they are not inclined to thank about shortcomings such as their own. Moreover, their immediate interests are often contradictory. Some Canadians firms want a general reduction in tariffs, yet don't want the world market to become very competitive adjustment needed for large areas of industry.

Ultimately, the problem is that Canada's brand of capitalism tends to produce peaceful, pragmatic people whose attitude is to find the easiest way out of difficulties. In the eyes of the CMA, the reform effort, At the moment, the easiest way out is to take the money and run—to the United States or wherever some more congenial. This applies not only to the group as a whole, but to the CMA, which is a group of companies, not a union of workers, as some would say.

If the CMA really believes what it is currently loudly advocating, it should say a loudly, often, unapologetically, and with much more understanding of what is in its interest. It should be able to make friends with and advise Ottawa can only be compared to a duck trying to make love to a football.

Family

Flesh of the flesh: adoptees in search of their natural parents

"I felt," says Vancouver's Joan Vancotte, "that I had finally found my way home." It had been a long journey. Mrs. Vancotte, now in her forties and a mother of three, was an adopted child who, in middle life, developed an overwhelming need to know about her natural parents. After 18 months of determined searching, she discovered a handful of old photo books. Mrs. Vancotte discovered the whereabouts of her biological mother—only to learn that she had died three years earlier. "I was heartily disappointed, but at least I found her," Mrs. Vancotte says, now smiling. The knowledge had given her a new sense of peace. Her experience, and a chance encounter with two other Vancouverites embarked on a similar search, led to the formation of a nonprofit group called Parent Finders, which has spread across the country to Winnipeg, Toronto and Halifax, helping adoptees discover their origins.

In the past 20 years, an estimated 200,000 Canadians have been adopted. Most of them are female and have been raised and loved by their adoptive parents, but some want to know who their real parents are. "Who do they look like? What kind of people are they? And, above all, why did they abandon their child?" "When you are adopted," says Joan Vancotte, "you grow up with loving parents, and you love them, but you know they are not the blood of your blood and somewhere else there are two people who created you and who you look like. Some great big red reality you don't see. But they are cut off from you." The barrier has been raised by adults who have been raised by adults who have been raised by parents for both the natural and adoptive parents. Large numbers of adoption cases under look and key. Every Canadian province sends its adoption files and only opens them when a judge or, in Alberta and Quebec, the directors of children's aid make them in good cause to do so. Such requests are subject to a review of the files, two have been granted. Parent Finders, a nonprofit group that now has more than 350 members, hopes to pressure provincial governments to allow their rigid policies. "We're not advocating a window opening up for files," explains Mrs. Vancotte. "But we want to find a way to make it easier to locate parents and adult adoptees who want to meet."

Complex moral questions are evoked. Whose rights should take precedence? The natural parents? The adoptive parents? The adoptee? Moreover, although the adoptee who has reached adulthood and decides he wants to learn about his natural



Vancouver: the truth may be painful, but better than never really knowing it.

parents may find it able to cope with the emotional stress involved, the experience might destroy the lives of the natural parents. No wonder governments are wary. In June, 1980, the Commission on Family Law (headed by Mr. Justice Thomas Bagny) proposed the establishment of an adoption registry to facilitate meetings between adult adoptees and natural parents who desired reunion. The suggestion provoked a worried reaction from couples who had adopted children. As an organization to Save the Adoptive Family was formed in June, and placed advertisements in newspapers warning "Your relationship with your adopted child is now in jeopardy." The reaction was understandable, but mistaken. The Bagny commission was referring only to adult adoptees; it did not feel it would be in anyone's interest to locate adopted children with natural parents. Nevertheless, the uproar was enough to deter the federal government from following the proposed path.

Social agencies and psychologists have traditionally taken the view that confidentiality is in the best interests of all three parties in adoption cases. But the commission is being reassured by governments. A committee within Ontario's Ministry of Community and Social Services is preparing a report on the subject, after listening to arguments from all points of view. At an open forum in Toronto last March, the committee heard adoption parents express alarm about any change in the law. "I don't want my child to feel rejected again," said one. "I created a pretty background for my son," said another, "and I don't

want him to find out the worst truth." The committee's report will not be released publicly until it has been studied by the ministry.

Meanwhile, Parent Finders continues to apply pressure and to help other parents. Mrs. Vancotte reports that the Vancouver branch has successfully arranged 23 of them, although many have not yet been located. "We always give a natural mother the choice to say 'no.' That's her right." But, according to Mrs. Vancotte, few natural parents have expressed anything but joy and pride when being approached. Often, mothers are found to be looking for their children. How often does Parent Finders manage to find the official business? Undoubtedly, the organization is reluctant to reveal its methods. "If problems aren't worked out, it's not certain, but we want to know what the low-key people now open would want to be played," Mrs. Vancotte says. Occasionally, research indicates, determined adult adoptees have found their biological parents by using their legal names, talking lists to birth records, forging signatures and even attacking official files. Parent Finders has nothing to do with such methods but says it understands the motivation for them. "Whether governments will soften their stance is uncertain, but they've found to be touched by such cases as the one involving a mother of four who had placed a baby girl for adoption and now, two decades later, wants to know how her daughter is doing. "No matter how many other children you have," she says tearfully, "you should want to know about the one you have to give away. I don't even know if my daughter is alive." CAROL GALEY

nal Tobacco executives who head of the national committee of the manufacturers' council. "There's no evenly proven way they're right."

A trial ban on cigarette advertising was imposed in a smoking-cessation study commissioned by the Ontario Ministry of Health. The ministry declined the report for a year, until it was leaked to Macdonald's *Newsweek*. Rights Association which promptly issued a letter to the press this spring. An even tougher law is advocated by the Canadian Council on Smoking and Health, a new unionist group representing the Canadian Medical Association, the Cancer Society, the Heart Foundation and the Public Health Association. It called for a month for a total ban on cigarette advertising and promotion as well as stricter control of vending machines and other outlets. It also de-

manded government legislation sharply reducing the level of tar and nicotine in cigarettes available now and an even stronger warning on cigarette packages. The umbrella group's director, Kam Bainswari, says a major objective is to deter young people from trying smoking. "The habit is more or less by grade seven or eight," Bainswari says. "By high school it is probably too late to affect their later smoking habits. Adults who are heavy smokers are pretty much a lost cause."

The anti-smoking forces in Canada survive as they are, are lagging behind their counterparts in other countries. No fewer than 30 American states have legislated controls on where cigarettes may be smoked. Recent ones include classroom, sports arenas, hospitals and doctors' offices. Arizona's legislation—regarded as the model by anti-smoking lobby—goes so far as to ban smoking in all public places

unless exceptions are granted and signs are posted saying smoking is allowed. Fines of from \$10 to \$100 are provided for in the law. Italy has had a total ban on cigarette advertising since 1982. Sweden, which already has one of the world's lowest cigarette-consumption rates, has considered an anti-smoking program to raise an entire generation of non-smokers, condemning children from the cradle up to avoid the habit.

The newly militant non-smokers of Canada have begun going to court. A group of non-smokers in Montreal successfully sued Canadian National to require it to enforce its own no-smoking policy on commuter trains. A Toronto law student has brought a case against Gray Coach Lines, triggered by a passenger in the supposedly smokeless who refused to board her cigarette, which in turn broke the Ontario Supreme Court.

WILLIAM DANFORTH

Kicking it: a few new answers to the age-old problem

In Halifax, more than 650 people answered a mail newspaper ad asking for volunteers for a special stop-smoking experiment. "You've got to know me," one woman wrote. "I've quit six programs and I still can't quit. The others so impressed the study is coordinator, Beagle Newsom, that she standardized her own pack-a-day habit. "I quit three others and I continued to quit with it and quit cold turkey."

In Toronto, Premier Wilson Davis' general secretary is trying to quit cigarettes—again. "I'm finding them," says Sally Brown. "But I've determined to stick it out this time. Her solution began as a substitute. Researchers say she would eliminate tobacco to lose but lose nicotine cigarettes. Cigarette addicts who have to quit, which are stronger than nicotine to inhibit the daily exposure themselves to worse danger.

In Vancouver, would-be quitters in undergo for 24 hours of sensory deprivation for 24 hours at a stretch in a specially shielded light and sound-proofed room. Last year, 100 people quit. Last year, 100 people quit. Last year, 100 people quit. Last year, 100 people quit.

Alcoholics Anonymous cigarette intervention by member three times a week. It is a good idea at the point of the puff by means of medical advice doubling the conviction between cigarettes and smokers. Researchers submit that

The acupuncture method: bites deeply



whether cigarette smoking is a physical addiction connected with nicotine, a psychological dependency, or a combination of the two. But to those who quit smoking, the question is simple. Most smokers quit after three out of four according to a British government study—want to stop, quit after between 19% and 23% are successful, regardless of the method they use. Among the methods:

Acupuncture: Best performed by doctors trained in the art, the technique consists of using gentle, usually sterile, acupuncture needles during which "relaxation"—actually a state of relaxation in the external ear. Patients say the process is painless, soothing and stops the immediate urge. Dr. Dr. Linda Henson of the Acupuncture Foundation of Canada says only 34% were still quit cigarettes entirely in a follow-up study 12 weeks after treatment. One happy patient is Mary O'Brien, a Toronto market researcher who gained 13 pounds in two weeks a day habit. "You really have to want to quit," she says. "But I found it helped me tremendously." Cost about \$50.

Seventh-Day Adventist Five-Day Plan: Great most widely available, cheapest and probably the best program around. Strictly quit turkey, closely paired with Alcoholics Anonymous, available cost to cost as a community service of the Seventh Day Adventist church. Features hypnosis, herbs and other natural aids, backed by lectures from doctors



Alexia Bell and Beth Goodman treat

and mutual support group assistance. Using a budget system, provides phone-in service for emergency messages, strict weekly follow-up sessions. Costs \$15. 50% quit, 75% success is after one month, 90% after a year. 100 very members.

Smokers Anonymous: A commercial, profit-making organization operating in southern Ontario since late 1971. Founded in the United States by an Ex-Celler, Pennsylvania, husband of Jacqueline Rogers, who kicked a 20-year smoking habit herself, and decided to tell others how to do it—for a \$199 a time fee. Course offers only two hour lecture, once a week, for nine weeks, costs \$199 a time fee. Includes a daily diary, a daily diary, a daily diary, a daily diary. The only real way through, says Mrs. Betty Goodall, a former ing. C.D. "I haven't smoked in the program... but I think it's going to work."

Only the athletes will be closer to the action!

CBC TV & RADIO

Your ticket to the best action at the 1976 Olympics



Listen to a friend.
Bill Deegan 4:00 pm - 8:00 pm
CFRB 1010
 The people people listen to.

Travel

The big trend to The Big Land



Lake Timagami in the Ontario Northwest:
 Show a place of Canada

According to Robert Laine Stevenson, a travel in "the great affairs" Donofrio even Stevenson would be interested to discover why the big trend to vacationing in Canada, tourism operators are looking for another bumper year, which means perhaps a 10% improvement on 1973's business. Tourism receipts last year were a whopping \$6.5 billion, of which Canadians contributed about \$4.5. Although 800,000 Canadians are employed directly or indirectly in the tourism industry, which has become the nation's fourth biggest source of foreign income. What's more, travel in Canada may be, it's big, growing and increasingly diverse.

Traditionally, Canadians have flocked their own provinces, or mixed adjacent ones, on their summer vacations. The Canadian Government Office of Tourism (COT) reports that most will do so again this year. But, COT surveys show, Canadians are becoming more adventurous and going further afield within their own country—cluster to two trends. Wilderness vacations and package tours are beginning to break down holiday patterns. The wilderness has taken to canoeing and camping at least as enthusiastically as rural districts of a great many eyes look to the coast at vacation time. The package tour, with its convenience and comparative cheapness, has brought foreign places tantalizingly near. One by-product of this ought to be improved highways. COT has been promoting in-Canada packages between, explains Desmond Nolan, "we wanted to get Canadians out of their cars and into some modes of transportation such as rail coach and aircraft." One reason: energy conservation. Then the can-

oeys has been successful is indicated by the vast array of package currently on the market. At least about more than 1,400 were being offered, ranging from overnight inter-city trips to such exotic (and expensive) jaunts as a Haida, \$3,300 Arctic Safari which, incidentally, costs more than going to East Africa for a real safari.

The travel industry is encouraged by the market resistance the Montreal Olympics have encountered at home. Although 900,000 visitors are expected in Montreal during the games, out-of-province Canadians will be a tiny minority. Recent figures from the Quebec Lodging Bureau, which is set up to handle the Olympic crush, show that of 230,000 requests for accommodations 52% came from the United States, 30% from Canada and 18% from other countries. Bureau spokesman Robert Sengier says that although hotels and motels are fully booked during the Olympics thousands of rooms are available in private homes at rates ranging from one dollar to \$19 a night. Travel agents across the country, opposing a general lack of interest in the Olympics, suggest three possible reasons: negative publicity about security at the games, adversely high prices in Montreal (which suffered a blow to its reputation at the growing bands of go-goers during Expo 67) and a shortage of tickets to the most popular events.

Optimism in the Maritime provinces and the less-well-known areas of the country is growing. Their best season yet, though, comes in a fast-growing trend to include vacations at the summer of '76 weeks into the year.

University of Victoria
 Department
 of Creative Writing
CHAIRMAN



Advertisements are invited for the above
 advertisement, to be filled and
 dated July 1, 1977.

Enquiries and subscriptions including
 the names of the interested persons
 as well as their addresses for the
 advertisement, from whom further
 information can be obtained.
 Closed/Close will close when the ad is
 filled.

The Chair: Faculty of Arts & Sciences,
 University of Victoria, Victoria, B.C.
 Canada V8W 2Y2

POPULAR PAPERBACKS



THE BOOKS CANADIANS ARE READING

THE CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING

THE CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING

THE CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING

THE CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING

THE CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING

THE CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING

THE CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING

THE CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING

THE CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING

THE CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING
 THE BOOKS
 CANADIANS ARE READING

Films

Robert Altman, mischievous man-child in the promised land

"We must be doing something right," says Henry Gibson, the segment's peevish and country star in *Nashville*. "In just 300 years"—clearly director Robert Altman's cheerfully mocking salute to the energetic vulgarity of American patriotism type in *Angels & Demons* And *The Indians*, Altman's new film, Bert Lancaster as a character called The Legend Maker says by way of a punning shot to Buffalo Bill—"I guess you was the head of my life."

Altman understands how *Exploiting* nature and show his duzies are connected to each other. *Nashville* which Altman described as his metaphor for America, was at once an exposé and a celebration of the huckster's art of drawing crowds to the great, gaudy folk show that is contemporary America. Now to mark his country's Bicentennial, Altman has decided perceptive to give us an American kind of satire eye on the latest of fashions that American culture loves by *Angels & Demons* And *The Indians* which upon it, movie theaters all over North America just in time for the July 4 festival, goes back to find out how the media-savvy cinema of a nation depicted in *Nashville* can be that way. The film finds the roots of it in the famous Wild West Show of the late 19th century where the self-serving, dissembling, of everything, flamboyance and lying politicians are instantly transformed into trendy entertainment late for an ever-growing public. The film is the latest chapter in the cinematic history of America which Altman has been putting on film in an imaginative sensitive but in line his official version.

The Wild West Show is a great subject for an Altman movie, especially since—according to Hollywood legend—an Altman production would likely to transform something of a movie star. With his penchant for improvisation and "winging it"—starting to the creative inspiration of the moment—Altman has broken away from the mechanical rules of conventional movie-making. The people he draws to his projects are prone to a trip, and they usually go it—which is why established stars eagerly sign on to work for Altman at \$14K a week. His films have something of the quality of an ensemble company's work, because a couple of technicians and actors stick with him. His talent has created an underground Altman empire, and to keep all his people busy he has started producing other movies besides the ones he writes and directs himself. Next year he will begin shooting his version of L. L. Boone's celebrated novel *Ragtime*, which he plans to make more intensely as



Altman: the emperor may have no clothes, but he's got a bad passion.

a movie and a television series.

Before his startling emergence as the most honored of all American directors of the Seventies, Altman's eccentric behavior had kept him on the fringes of the industry for two decades. A big man with the trace of a dwarf and a goatee that has turned partly white, he was born in 1925, eldest in a family of Kansas City family. After dropping out of college and being a hobo in the South Pacific during World War II, Altman was drawn to Los Angeles, where he floundered as an aspiring writer of movie scripts and film treatments. In the end he got into industrial films in 1949, found his way briefly into the movie-making (*The Tender Trap*), then served as apprenticeship to television which was highly paid by the president of a big bang for allowing Altman to get away with shows considered extremely unsafe.

In 1966 Altman was fired paid quit television to develop movie projects. After a couple of flops, including the eccentric *The Cold Day In The Park*, made in Vancouver with Sandy Dennis, the starring point came when Altman agreed to direct an ambitious script about military doctors. He picked up about everything in the script and came up with one view—the de-

structive war comedy of the age and also, not incidentally, one of the biggest (and most suspected) money-makers in the history of 20th Century-Fox. Studio executives possibly thought of *Apocalypse Now* as the first of the great war films. A big man with the trace of a dwarf and a goatee that has turned partly white, he was born in 1925, eldest in a family of Kansas City family. After dropping out of college and being a hobo in the South Pacific during World War II, Altman was drawn to Los Angeles, where he floundered as an aspiring writer of movie scripts and film treatments. In the end he got into industrial films in 1949, found his way briefly into the movie-making (*The Tender Trap*), then served as apprenticeship to television which was highly paid by the president of a big bang for allowing Altman to get away with shows considered extremely unsafe.

In the six years since *New York*, Altman has been one of the world's most public deviants, and his reputation has kept growing. In Hollywood business circles Altman is the most respected man. He is never repeated this commercial success, it gave him the bit he needed to get the backing for the movie he wanted to make. In the six years since *New York*, Altman has been one of the world's most public deviants, and his reputation has kept growing. In Hollywood business circles Altman is the most respected man. He is never repeated this commercial success, it gave him the bit he needed to get the backing for the movie he wanted to make. In the six years since *New York*, Altman has been one of the world's most public deviants, and his reputation has kept growing. In Hollywood business circles Altman is the most respected man. He is never repeated this commercial success, it gave him the bit he needed to get the backing for the movie he wanted to make.

whothorise in the wilderness who know he's got power in his, McCabe was perhaps Altman's finest, most delicate film—a brilliant comic elegy for all the elusive, massive American dreams that never could have been.

Taken as a whole, Altman's movies add up to a revisionist vision of the entire range of American experience. The comic analyses of society demolished the official explanations for military operations and revealed the insanity behind them. McCabe stripped away the duds of Hollywood westerns and put in their place a fresh, achingly honest interpretation of the frontier myth. *The Long Good-bye* with Eliott Gould's Philip Marlowe in the only straight shot at a faulty Seventies West Coast party where everyone else was stoned, finished off the convention of the hard-boiled, incorruptible private eye. And *California Split* peeled the audience inside the masks of compulsive gamblers and made us understand that part of our people that takes to be on a Las Vegas spree in search of genuine highs.

Altman works in spot-on, adroitly direct ways. "When I start a picture," he says, "I know what I want to be doing. I know how big I want the camera to be. I start with the basic sketch, then I go for the details while I'm shooting." The original script may have very little to do with the movie but eventually emerges McCabe And Mrs. Miller was brought to him as routine voice-over vehicle. "It was a cliché, I said. Perfect. I'll do it." I was telling the audience. "These are things you've seen a hundred times before. Now here's how it really was." Altman has thrown out plot lines and other dramatic conventions to achieve a loose, rough texture. The action and dialogue never seem contrived, and the most surprising scenes of cutting crucial drama out of garbled conversation. We pick up things almost by chance to being thrown away—the way we're used to perceiving things a life but not in the movies. Yet there's nothing accidental about that casual style, it's much harder to achieve than the standard stuff where actors stare directly into the camera and lead rehearsed lines in clear voice.

Angels & Demons And *The Indians* shot near Calgary with many Canadians in the cast and crew is a nostalgic sign of an American hero filmed in Canada. It is loosely based on Arthur Koppe's play *Indians* but as little of the original remains that it's more accurate to say the movie was suggested by the play. Altman is drawn to flouting animals and the executives who flock to them to outwit their wary farmers. This endearingly risky Wild West subgenre of 1933 acts as a magnet for characters and behaviors who sit on their hands and in other places might have stuck out for the fanciful frontier of McCabe And Mrs. Miller or checked the screen at the Las Vegas of *California Split* or tickled to the Music City of *Nashville*.

In *Angels & Demons* Altman explicitly works out something that was implicit in *Nashville*—his view of the political history of the United States as a rough-hewn portrait of the same disruptive energy that in the environment industry. Politics and show business are both as multifaceted out of artful deception based on illusion, distortion and theatrical beauty. *Angels & Demons* examines the phony legend and how it was created and Altman's imagination fits as a comic mimesis of manipulation and hangover who control a perpetually fraudulent legend for Bill Cody so that they can sell more tickets. "That's cynical," beams Joel Grey, playing the production

way that makes you understand that a couple of generations later the same movie would have been cranking out bad westerns in the B movie world of *Monty Q. The West*. "He belongs in one of us," but his phony allegory. The producer resolves the conflict by inventing a grander fantasy. "Our star—America's star."

But America's star played by another willing legend, Paul Newman (who ought to know about both sides) turns the legend up to his teeth. Surrounded by hordes who blow through, wave flags and chant leaders to embrace their man's exploits, Buffalo Bill Cody is actually a perky-boy boy scout with a inclination for comedy act-



When you have a taste for better things

so pure...so smooth

Beefeater, distilled and bottled in London, England

The unlikely little Aussie who could teach Canadian unions a thing or two

Column by Allan Fotheringham

What, pray tell, do Barbara Ward, Book Mander, Fuller, Margaret Mead and Jack Mander have in common? Barbara Ward, of course, is Lady Jackson, the brilliant British economist whose thinking on world problems has earned her the title of Lady Spinning Earth. Book Mander is the feminist thinker, sister of the goddess Diana—as flowers at Mead, the best-known anthropologist of our age. While they gather in one room, the stars from the collective sky tend to short-circuit the lights.

Jack Mander? Well, he's a short, heavily-lidded, big-nosed, ill-educated, former righty player from Sydney who has the taste of a man believing up to a bar and who owns that dreadful Australian accent that absolutely ruins the academic focus of the most erudite. He looks not unlike Andy Capp. He is also the bloke who now keeps company with these stratospheric academics and as a formerist thinker will soon be influenced by the contemptuous winds of major Canadian union leaders. Mander is the learner who has decided that unions have a greater responsibility than simply to their pay cheques. They have a social responsibility as well and Mander has elected his tactic by using labor's clout to block progress in Australia that are deemed by the community to endanger the security of the environment. As leader of the 40,000-member Australian Builders' Laborers' Federation, he was the bloke who convinced the giant labor-union's own over projects that the aim the environmental Ship movement, quite that time.

It's an intriguing concept, something quite foreign in the cash register mentality of most Canadian union leaders. The thought of Joe Morris and a Canadian Labor Congress (inspiring the leaders on Parliament Hill for anything other than to both the Anti-Inflation Board is unthinkable. The only foreigner the CIO is interested in is John Lee Papp's manuscript. It touches "the hip-pocket nerve" of North American labor, says Mander, as that they might be any cash the monetary issue. But what's the way of going up wages if the union's own life is in jeopardy, freedom present? The green has concept come five years ago when a developer moved in on the 100-acre site, the last remaining parcel of bushland in Sydney. When local residents' protests failed, they appealed to Mander and his union. Once convinced, Mander paid his first green wage. When the developer threatened to sue the union's labor, the union said it would leave unfinished another of the developer's half-completed office towers at a

permanent moment to Kelly's Bush Kelly's Bush today remains a regional tree. One of the myriads of trees in the Australian is predominantly yellow-green and cheap stations (just as Aussies believe Canada is all green and red-wooded forest). In fact, Australia is one of the most heavily urbanized countries in the world. More than half the population is crowded into the two conurbations of Sydney and Melbourne. As the Coon-Conservation of Australia program, the green has also spread. There have been 42 acres of Australia in the past few years. Mocking three billion dollar construction projects Mander who



Mander: more to life than a pay cheque

will only act at the request of local residents, claims that 25,000 homes have been rescued from highway obliteration.

All this is pertinent because of the current Afghanistan situation. Canadian unions (also a recurring theme in the press) have a tendency to encourage post-9/11 security problems in the west while conveniently ignoring the home front. Canadian labor is very bullish on denouncing the Vietnam war nuclear proliferation and Concorde noise. Local news might affect the hip-pocket nerve are given rather than abroad. "Meatball" G. Dook's discussion further says in My Lady, "Can afford to?" This seems to be the side of the big union in Canada, oblivious all the way to the bank. Mander, the lad with no education and a crooked nose, thanks differently. The planners of the soaring Sydney Opera House neglected to include a parking garage. To correct the oversight, they proposed tearing down magnificent 140-year-old trees that dominated the site (just one into Sydney Harbor). The public appealed to the great bus boys and the three today's men. But where were the unions when the nose of the Spa-

cia expressionist divided Toronto? It was a middle class protest that killed it. What were the unions doing in Montreal, when a municipal golf course in the east end was wiped out for a two-week Olympic Village (the demolition will be a significant complaint)? Does labor really have any strong opinions on the Montreal Valley project, or is it all going to be left to the academics and ecologists? There is, explicit, a Nuremberg cop-out that labor is only bound to do a job and has no voice. It takes the money and runs.

Jack Mander argues, in his "speeches with a human face," that that isn't good enough. He's an interesting cut of "good correct stock," a rough-hewn Catholic who came to Sydney out of a poor dairy farm in northern Queensland to play rugby. Because of his lack of education, he became a laborer and the rest is labor history. He's a Communist, but views criticism with the trendy blue-rose mission of a suburb who want to save the trees and learn and prefer to think of him as a laborist. He's a member of the same Canadian Communist or say other branch of the party that follows the Moscow line.

Completely self-educated, at 42 he is the Heffler of the left, a most articulate conversationalist who talks of how Marx was all wrong about Stalin and of how history will remember "that that bloody Mao" has been Communist the American politician's figure. Brought to the new country in 1951 as a volunteer on a grant arranged by Barbara Ward, he was one of 24 world thinkers hired to the Vancouver Symposium that issued the famous document On Human Development of Poland, Mao, Che Guevara, Minister Seng, De Gaulle, Papanicolaou of Greece, Dr. John Shaker El-Husseini, the platform was with Pöhl and there was the completed, courtesy-picked Mander who does not own a tie (the Bill Veck of the same hall).

He is off next to Birmingham, England, where union members was once say is the choice of nuclear products their plant produces. He has exhibited lately here with the United Auto Workers. Canadian unions at the 1970s were struck casually around the Aussie as a distance, so if his ideas might affect them, he was probably the pressure of conscience will force them—now that their "wages" push them past the middle class—to adjust to his community-protective cause.

Jack Mander. Write a down. He is no idea where time has come.

BLACK VELVET

CANADIAN WHISKY
25 P.L.V.

One of the finest Canadian Whiskies
this country has ever tasted.



The Alberta Vodka

'Bear

BROWN BEAR

Over two or three ice cubes in a glass,
add 1-1/2 oz. Alberta Vodka. Splash in
1/2 oz. Amaretto Liqueur Di Cupera.
Gently stir.

Now, you can grin and bear that,
can't you?



Make it with Canada's best selling vodka at the popular price.